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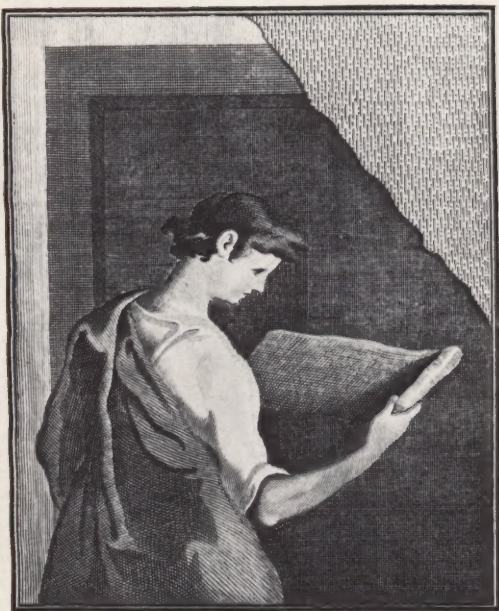
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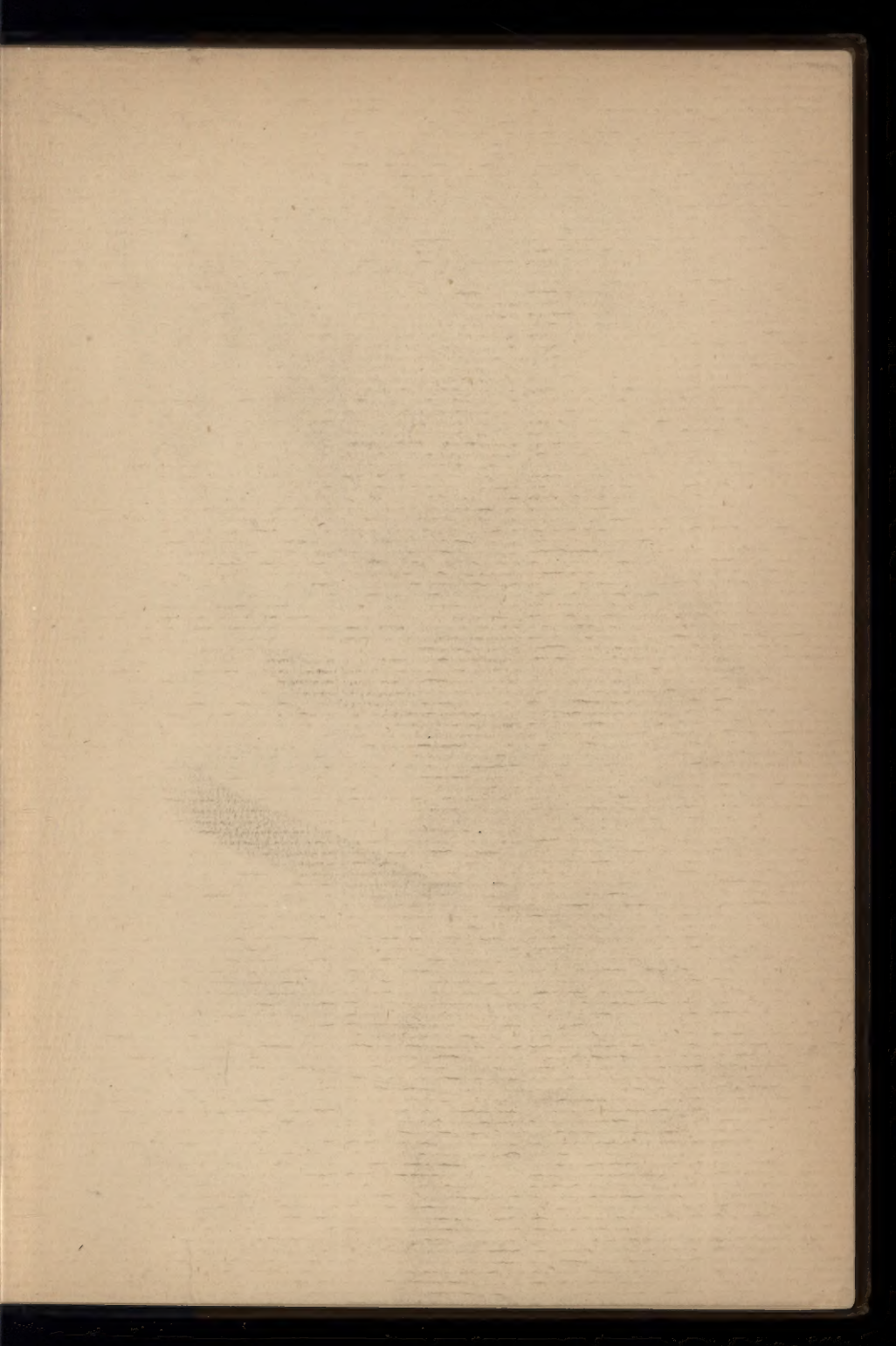
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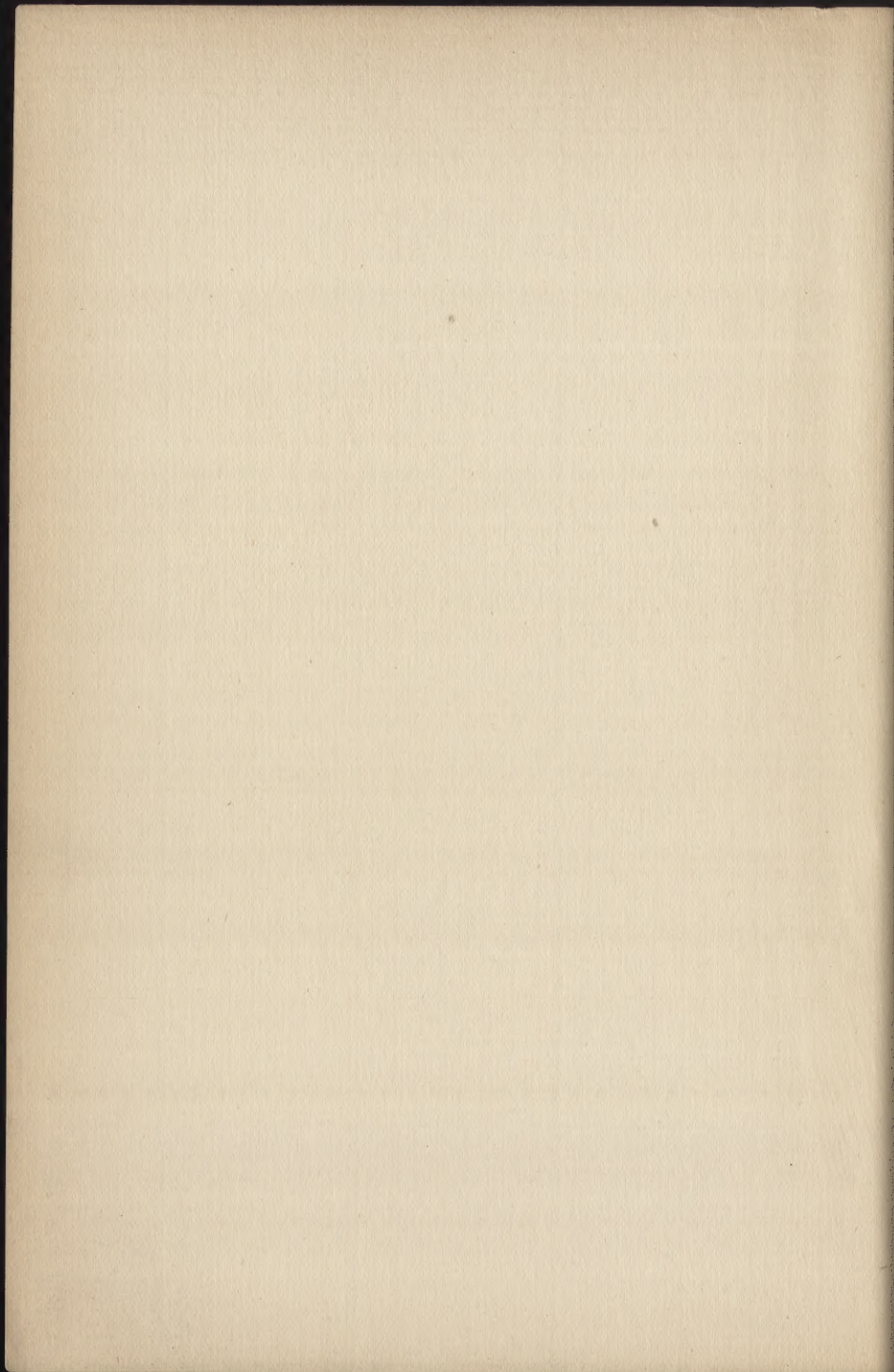
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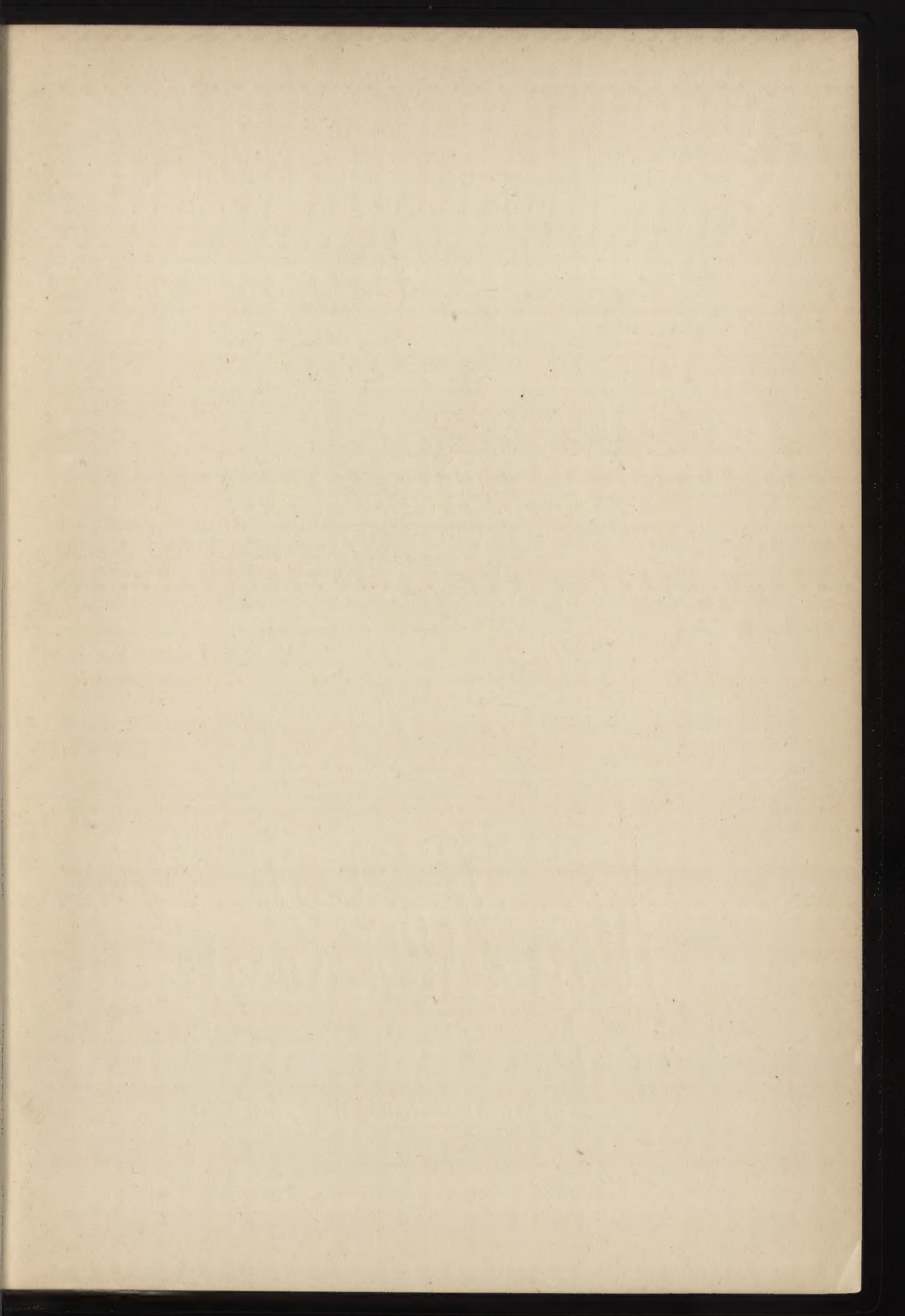
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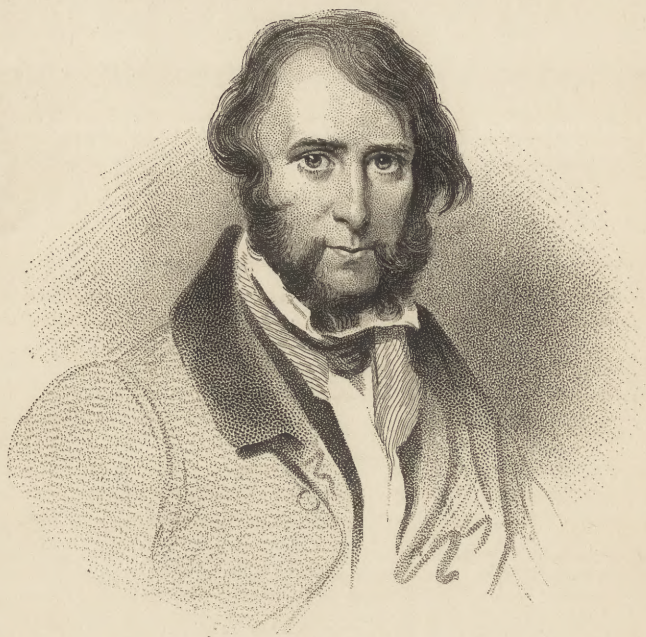
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OF
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

BY
FREDERIC G. STEPHENS

AND
AN ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

BY
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY



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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the most ardent admirers of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK cannot claim for him the honour of being one of the GREAT ARTISTS in the same sense in which we speak of Raphael or Rubens, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, yet no one will object to the name of the most popular humourist that ever graced the world of Art, being found among the celebrities of this Series.

And one of the principal reasons for including him is that it enables me to reprint the famous ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, which Mr. Thackeray wrote in 'The Westminster Review,' in June 1840, and which I remember was received with immense applause by all the critics of the day.

The sympathy that existed in the mind of that writer with the choice and delicious humour of the designer, is in this Essay most beautifully shown, and was thoroughly appreciated by the artist and his many friends.

I have to acknowledge the kindness of the Trustees of the British Museum who granted me permission to copy some of the fine proofs of Cruikshank's etchings in the Print Room; and my

thanks are due to Messrs. G. Bell & Sons for permission to use the wood-engravings first issued in 'Three Courses and a Dessert,' and 'Gammer Grethel,' as well as the portrait of CRUIKSHANK, by Frank Stone, which appeared in 'The Omnibus'; and for allowing me to quote from Mr. George Reid's nearly exhaustive catalogue of the five thousand two hundred and sixty-five designs which the great 'George' made during the course of his long artistic life.

J. C.

Wallington,
December 1890.



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THE ELFIN GROVE. (*Gammer Grethel.*)

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

I.

THAT he was born on the 27th of September, 1792, or practically a hundred years ago, and as long ago as 1799 * came into what—considering the reputation of his father as a humorous designer—was aptly called his inheritance in satiric draughtsmanship, has not affected the fame of the artist whom Thackeray, that true master of sardonic wit, delighted to honour.

In no respect has Time diminished the reputation of George Cruikshank. Thackeray's essay, which follows the necessarily incomplete notice I have had the honour to write, attests in its finish, its research, and its acumen, the care that sympathizing critic bestowed on a task he loved; innumerable dissertations

* This is the earliest date on a drawing of his.

have been issued during the last eighty years in honour of "George," and pens almost as famous as Thackeray's have been exercised in his praise. More than three generations of men have joined the majority since Cruikshank was born, and there is no failure in the attractiveness of that wonderful artillery of designs with which he not only shot Folly as she flew, but—in this being the true heir of Hogarth—recorded his sympathy with some who had erred, many who were oppressed, and not a few who suffered for righteousness' sake. The amount of our indebtedness to Hogarth, because he was the first artist of this country who pleaded for mercy, if not for tenderness, to the inferior animals, is immensely increased by the fact that in this respect, as in many others, his influence upon Cruikshank was at once manifest, powerful and profound.

Writing in a well-known literary journal I summed up a portion, at least, of Cruikshank's claims on ourselves and posterity, by saying that at his death a long line of English pictorial satirists came to an end. That line was, so to say, created by Hogarth, who was the first to impart to his designs not only genuine wit without that excess of grossness which the customs of his day more than tolerated, and the original interpreter of a noble purpose beyond the immediate occasion of his art. Until Hogarth's advent satiric design was generally unscrupulous, insolent, directed against persons rather than in aid of principles, and as venal as it was vile. Some of George the Second's ministers of State, to say nothing of those of Queen Anne and earlier monarchs, imitated their forerunners in France, and were wont to bribe draughtsmen to assail their enemies. "The Heaven-born Wilkes," upon whom Hogarth conferred a painful immortality, was glad to revenge himself upon a political opponent by describing the painter of *A Harlot's Progress* as one who had accepted office as a bribe from Lord Bute, the Tory minister, hated of mankind. The scandal was refuted by a hundred facts, and fell back upon its author, who, having

offered himself to be bribed, did not get his price until long after his submission was made, and, in saying that he had "written a good deal too much" against the monarch he descended to flatter, was mean enough to apologize to the king he had not unjustly assailed. Some of the successors of Hogarth were partisans rather than moralists and patriots; but that master's example showed them how to turn aside from bribes. In this respect Cruikshank was immaculate.

With Hogarth begun, and with Cruikshank ended, what may be called the second period of English satiric art. During the interval between the death of Hogarth and that of "George" the satiric traditions of the former were, to a certain extent, inferiorly sustained by Paul Sandby and others of his time, who are much less known than he. The careers of some of these, that of Sandby, among them, overlapped Hogarth's, and the succeeding draughtsmen filled the space until Cruikshank was born twenty-eight years later, or nearly a generation after Hogarth's death in 1764. In this epoch the ruling satirists were the first Marquis Townshend* and some minor powers. But most of all in merit were Rowlandson, Gillray, Kay and Bunbury. Their weaker and more vulgar followers do not count for much. Isaac Cruikshank took his place along with the later of these sarcastic prophets, and he led up to the far more prolific exercises of his greater son, whose doings we have to study.

Of the third period of satiric art in England this is the right place to speak, although of course it is chronologically out of order. We must remember that Cruikshank belonged to the second period, but that, while his years of activity and

* A Field-Marshal, Wolfe's successor at Quebec, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and a man of importance in his day. For notes on what may be called his satiric career see the 'Introduction to the Fourth Volume of the Catalogue of Satirical Prints in the British Museum,' published by order of the Trustees, 1883, p. xix.

enthusiasm far overlapped the beginning of the third epoch, he did not materially change, and certainly did not advance much after he had attained middle life, and a number of satirists were, so to say, already overlapping him. They were men of an entirely different stamp from his, and, doubtless, as well suited to the times as he, even in his most vigorous phase, had ever been. There was not much vigour in the comparatively mild humour of "H. B." (the elder Doyle), and yet he was a popular contemporary of Cruikshank when the latter was at his best. John Leech and his numerous *entourage* were designers of *genre* and illustrators of manners and temporary moods as much as they were satirists proper. Doyle the younger had a gentle genius we could never rank with the rougher spirits of Hogarth and Cruikshank, whose resources were incomparably greater than his. Of the living John Tenniel this is not the place to write at large. Like Leech, he has produced masterpieces of sarcastic and sardonic wit, but they differ, as the times extending from Hogarth to Cruikshank differ from our own, and they gave to satire a direction very different from that Hogarth imparted, and which spent its force in the old age of "George" himself.

Turning now to our subject proper, let me say that it is a misuse of terms to call Cruikshank a caricaturist, in the sense in which many satirists, from Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer and others, down to our own day are called so. Cruikshank's curious, and to some extent perverse, choice of types of men and women, their costumes and their manners, verged upon what seems caricature, but his designs never descended to this vice, that is to say, to grotesque exaggerations of the truth. As well say that Holbein caricatured Death's doings in the wonderful *Danse Macabre*, as that Cruikshank went beyond nature even in that much over-praised and under-esteemed series of designs called *The Bottle*, of which he was, erroneously no doubt, excessively proud. Truly of "George" it may be said that his deeds

live after him, and that he and he alone was worthy to be classed with Hogarth, because they were the *Alpha* and *Omega* of English pictorial satirists of the moral-enforcing and sardonic class, consummate artists withal, each a master of design in his way, and prophets to mankind.

That Hogarth and Cruikshank were both Cockneys may be said to have been predicated by the nature of their common mission, which was to illustrate what Jacobean writers were accustomed to call the "humours" of metropolitan men and women. We know Hogarth was born within sight and hearing of Bow Bells. There seems no certain knowledge of Cruikshank's birthplace, but as in 1792, "George's" natal year, his father Isaac, when exhibiting at the Royal Academy, gave his address at "No. 203, High Holborn," the greater artist was probably born where those glory-conferring bells could, after the hubbub of the day had ceased, easily be heard. Isaac, in painting if not in manners, was, in his way, a moralist, and in 1792 the spirit moved him to illustrate at Somerset House "the distresses and triumph of Virtue," in regard to that now long-forgotten piece of goodness and domestic novel, 'The Curate of Elmwood.' Mr. Bates, of Birmingham, who has given the world many details concerning the Cruikshank family,* tells us that Isaac the father was born that author thought, in Edinburgh, and was the son of an impoverished Scotsman, a Jacobite, and a loser by the "'45." Taking to art for a livelihood, Isaac went to London and did the best he could there with powers which were very far indeed from being great. There is, nevertheless, in the works of Cruikshank *père*, a faint adumbration of the genius of his world-renowned son. He brought southwards some skill in water-colour painting, and happily, so far as his future and that of his sons were concerned, a special knack of etching and otherwise engraving satires upon the men of his time and their "humours," and the freaks of

* 'George Cruikshank: the Artist, the Humorist, and the man.' Second Edition, London, 1879.

society of the inferior middle class, with whom he associated, and who were destined to become his best paymasters. This artist's father, the Jacobite, was, like many others of his day, especially when it became quite safe so to boast, accustomed to aver that he had not only suffered by taking the losing side in 1745, but, having been a combatant at Culloden, deserved to suffer for a hopeless cause. We are not told how much, or what, he had to lose, or how it happened that he gave up a post in the Custom House at Leith. There is a little uncertainty about his appointment, but there is no doubt that the Jacobite Isaac Cruikshank's father married the daughter of a sailor, a naval officer, Dr. Mackay told us, of Inverary. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, a good authority when he repeated what George Cruikshank told him, suggested on his own account that there were many persons of the name in Aberdeenshire, but he gave no evidence to show what our Cruikshanks had to do with them. It seems to have been about 1788 that Isaac of that name reached London.

Not long after this he married Mary Macnaughten, erst of Perth, who was said to be a *protégée* of the Countess of Orkney, and the possessor of a small sum of money. It is certain that she possessed an energetic temper and strong will, and was thrifty enough to save a thousand pounds, careful to bring up her children, and pious after the graver manner of her people, as well as a regular attendant of the Scotch Church in Crown Court, Drury Lane. Surviving her husband, she lived to be ninety years of age, and to see her son an old man. Her husband was rightly described by Mr. B. Jerrold as of "a quiet, meditative temper"; other friends were accustomed to call him "easy-going." The pair seem to have taken up their quarters in Duke Street, Bloomsbury, where both their sons, if not likewise their daughter Eliza, were born.* The elder son was born in 1789, named Isaac

* On one of his works Isaac Cruikshank gave his address in this year, at No. 7, St. Martin's Court. This was probably the place where some of his prints were sold. The Court had long been notorious for the display of such

Robert, and became an artist of some reputation, in more than one sense the "double" of his father. George was born, as I have stated above, three years later. Isaac Robert may be said to have continued in the line of which John Collett was the original, if not the most eminent, professor. George from the first struck out in a new line, and, although the difference between his work and that of either of his seniors was not, primarily, very strongly marked, it was always great enough to enable experts to select the productions of the youngest man from those of his father and brother. A new vein appears in them from the earliest time.

While quite young George moved with his family to No. 117, Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, where the parents let part of the house to lodgers. Here, according to our subject himself, Isaac Cruikshank worked on his plates while his wife coloured them by hand, and soon obtained help from her sons. The boys went to school at Edgeware, but, as Mr. Jerrold was told, not for long. In the meantime George scrambled for what served him as an education of the scholastic sort, so that, in fact, he owed little to what school-masters have taught the world to accept as the only possible education. Whatever might have been the value of more learning of the pedagogic kind than fortune allowed to him, there can be no doubt that for the cultivation of his incomparable powers of observation, for the development of those deep sympathies of his, and for the improvement of that rare sense of fun which made him what he was, George Cruikshank spent his youth in the college of colleges, matriculated and took the highest of all degrees in that university of manners he had to master, delineate, and with all his might avail himself of.

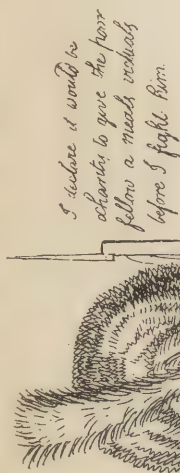
Isaac Robert Cruikshank went to sea for three years, was supposed to be lost, and mourned as dead. He suddenly appeared

things. It is worth remembering that Mrs. Hogarth, mother of the painter, died of fright occasioned by the burning of fourteen houses in Cecil's Court, close by. This was in June, 1755, while her son was living in Leicester Fields.

at home, was welcomed with joy, and resumed engraving for a livelihood. In this way he illustrated Cumberland's 'British Theatre,' and other works. In this occupation we may leave him in order to follow the fortunes of his abler brother.* Before doing the latter let us say that Isaac Cruikshank, the father, besides a great number of sketches, coloured etchings, engravings, and designs reproduced in various modes, etched theatrical portraits and scenes, and became much interested in the stage, its managers, actors, and patrons at large, including Roach, a publisher of Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, who employed him a good deal, and Edmund Kean, who, Mr. Jerrold said, was then an obscure player, not, however, quite so little known as this authority would have us think. Several writers have led the world to believe that Isaac Cruikshank died, and left his sons while they were little more than boys. As he joined the majority in 1811, this is hardly correct; the elder son was then twenty-two years of age, the younger nineteen; they were then well advanced in their profession, and assured of ample employment. This was especially the case with George who, before the end of 1811, had published—so says that excellent authority, Mr. Reid's Catalogue—one hundred and fifty-two etchings, the dates of which are known.

Apart from this, which is given in anticipation of time, there is no doubt that our subject began to draw when he was still a mere infant. The earliest dated achievements of his are drawings now in the great collection at the Westminster Aquarium, and inscribed 1799. They comprise quaint sketches of coal-heavers at the wharf near the Adelphi known as "The Fox under the Hill," a company and a place famous for pugilist encounters, strong beer, and rough play of many kinds. These drawings are called "First Attempts," and belong to a group the dates of which extend to 1801. That is, they were produced between the seventh and tenth years of the draughtsman. But,

* Robert Isaac Cruikshank, died March 13, 1856.



*I declare it would be
charitable to give the poor
fellows a much needed
before I fight him.*



*Begin me no lies
in look of that
Jean Boel*

Pub. at Ackermann's Gallery 10, Strand

Cartoonists' Club

FACING the ENEMY

(Published in 1803.)

juvenile though they are, it is obvious that the least developed is not really a "first attempt." He must have drawn often and, for a child, very carefully, before he did so well. Cruikshank himself was responsible for these dates, which are quoted from the list of works which were collected in Exeter Hall and catalogued with his aid and authority for exhibition during the later months of 1862.

The next group comprises ten sketches disposed under 1801-3. A third group gives "The Fashions," treated in a whimsical way of satire "about the year 1804 or 1805."

"George's first playthings," says Mr. Bates, "were the needle and the dabber; but play insensibly merged into work as he began to assist his hard-worked father. The earliest job in the way of etching for which he was employed and received payment was a child's lottery picture; this was in 1804, when he was about twelve years of age. In 1805 he made a sketch of Nelson's funeral car, and a whimsical etching of the 'fashions' of the day. His earliest signed work is dated, I believe, two years later, and represents the demagogue Cobbett going to St. James's. His father's early death threw the lad on his own resources, and he quickly found that he must fight for a place in the world, as Fuseli told him he would have to do for a seat in the Academy. Anything that offered was acceptable—headings for songs and halfpenny ballads, illustrations for chap-books, designs for nursery tales, sheets of prints for children—a dozen on the sheet and a penny the lot—vignettes for lottery-tickets, rude cuts for broadsides, political squibs—'trivial fond records,' now of the utmost rarity and value."

This passage gives the gist of the truth in a spirited mode, but it is not quite the truth as to those details which are dear to Cruikshankians; thus Mr. Reid's catalogue,* to which everybody

* "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank," etc. By George William Reid, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Illustrated. Three Volumes. Bell and Daldy, London, 1871.

must turn for exhaustive knowledge of the subject, and to which, by the great kindness of the proprietor, I am deeply indebted, begins the enumeration of Cruikshank's works with the year 1803, and makes No. 1 *A Children's Picture*, of four marine pieces on one sheet, with the publication line, "*Printed and sold by W. Belch, Newington Butts, London.*" Belch seems to have sold No. 2,—sixteen small lottery prints, representing on one sheet so many trades and made for children, which he published in the first instance,—to one Langham, whose name, and his address at "*3, Red Lion Street, Holborn,*" was afterwards placed upon the sheet. It is a very interesting example because—according to Mr. Reid, who had the fact from Cruikshank—in the lower left corner of the sheet, the artist represented himself taking the copper plate from which No. 2 was printed to the shop of a "Bookseller," *i. e.* to W. Belch, whose name is inscribed on the fascia of the "establishment." This portrait was introduced by desire of the lad's patron, who seems to have foreseen that the incident would "fetch" juvenile buyers of the sheet, and thus promote an active sale.* The "lottery prints" were little cuts, divided from a sheet and placed among the leaves of a book, between which, at so many pricks a penny, youthful gamblers tried their fortunes with pins or knife-blades. I believe this practice is still in vogue in certain quarters, and especially so among pauper children in Board Schools and workhouses.

The portrait of the artist approaching the shop of his patron is doubtless the earliest upon record, and ought to be treasured by all Cruikshankians. Mr. Reid's No. 7 is called *The Wonderful Mill*; it represents "a scene where old people are being ground young," and is dated by that connoisseur 1803. My readers may remember this design in vogue not many years ago. The

* Among the earliest exercises of Mulready were similar instances designed for the juvenile market, and sold for very small sums. This artist illustrated children's story-books while he was yet a youth.

first of Cruikshank's etched works with a date on it is Mr. Reid's No. 13, "*The Soldier's Farewell*. Woodward del. I. Ck. Published at Ackermann's Gallery, 101 Strand, Augt. 13, 1803." That is to say, it is a design of the father, engraved by the son while the latter was still in his eleventh year. This illustrates and confirms the description of Mr. Bates which I have quoted above. When he was little more than a boy our artist had, like many other lively lads, a strong inclination for the stage, which, although always fond of the theatre, he soon got over. No doubt he painted some scenes at Drury Lane. But it is manifest he was only trying his hand in these directions before settling down to art.

It has been said that, while still very young, George Cruikshank became, as Gillray before him had done, a student in the Royal Academy; but the fact is, he was never admitted to that institution, nor, even in art, enjoyed the benefits of a "regular" training. There seems no reason to doubt that, with a view to becoming an Academy Student, Cruikshank took specimens of his drawing to Fuseli, who was then Keeper; but, except that this official told him "he would have to fight for his place," no record of the application exists. Fuseli's speech has been reported as if it referred to an opportunity to be given to Cruikshank for listening to the lectures delivered by that R.A. in his capacity as Professor of Painting. To secure this would be quite easy, and would not require the production of drawings of any kind. It is evident "George" wished to become an Academy Student, and secure the advantages of artistic training. His education, so far as art went, was very irregular, and there can be no need to conceal the fact that, when he became old enough to have wild oats for the sowing, he actually did dispose in the customary manner of a considerable quantity of that interesting crop, during which process his strict Scotch mother was much exercised. I have not heard, however, that, although she deplored the backsliding of both her sons, "George" was guilty

of anything of the wicked sort ; but it cannot be denied that, in a Falstaffian sense, he was rather wild.

In time, Isaac Robert, having taken to himself a wife, the whole family migrated to King Street, Holborn. Not long after this the mother, sister, and younger brother took a house in Claremont Square, Pentonville, then a clean, half-countrified, bright, and very "respectable" part of the world. At a much later date, and on becoming a married man, George Cruikshank removed to No. 22 (and afterwards to No. 23), Amwell Street, where he remained not less than thirty years. He was successively at 23, Myddleton Terrace, Pentonville (1836), at Hythe (1849), and occasionally in the country. Later, he lived at No. 48, Mornington Place, in the Hampstead Road, close to Clarkson Stanfield. This was from 1850 till about 1870, when he moved to 263, Hampstead Road, where he died February 1, 1878. I am not sure if the local busybodies who delight in abolishing the history and renown of the streets with which they have to do—but who really blunder in sheer ignorance—have not changed the numbers of these houses, and thus rendered it difficult to identify historic places and buildings which should never be undiscoverable.

It was in these now much altered regions Cruikshank studied the human race. Naturally, therefore, he was nothing if not a Londoner, and very suspicious of "foreigners." Beyond the narrow seas George Cruikshank,—who satirized the French as if they were his natural enemies, and while delineating them adopted with Hogarthian passion a sort of Hogarthian type,—never set his foot, except on one occasion, when he got so far as Boulogne, in which amphibious, half-English place he stayed one day. Hogarth's knowledge of the "frog-eaters" could hardly have been less extensive and exact. Next to this outing Cruikshank's most distant excursion was, till he got so far as Brighton, to Margate in one of those hoys of which Lamb, Leigh Hunt and Thomas Hood drew such wonderfully vivid pictures. Cruikshank was a Cockney to the core, and,—apart from his

suburban landscape-backgrounds, some of which, as in the ever-memorable scene where Bill Sykes proposes to drown his dog, are masterpieces of veracity,—cared little and knew less about what went on, or was to be seen and heard of, beyond the sound of Bow Bells. Dr. Johnson did not love Fleet Street and its purlieus, the Mecca and Medina of his career, with more ardour than Cruikshank.

Of one social stratum of London's inhabitants, the highest, wealthiest, and most educated, "George" knew but very little, and—although this class included those intellectual princes who delighted in everything he did—he seemed never to have sought knowledge of them. The lower classes, workmen, small tradesmen, rascalry of all sorts, the drinkers, and comedians of the inferior theatres were for him mankind made to be satirized for their own good. Thackeray averred with truth that Cruikshank had produced a perfect gallery of dustmen; he made a dustman of Cupid himself, and did wonders with the domesticities of that anomalous stratum, the lowest middle class, which Dickens delighted to describe. He preserved for posterity the lineaments, manners, customs, and costumes of a social grade which is already vanishing from the earth, and he drew its members with so much exactness and sympathy, and with such inexhaustible vivacity, that they live before us, and will never be forgotten. Jewish scoundrels may cease in the land, but Fagin will live for ever; brutalized and hideous Irish ruffians may be relegated to some law-respecting country, but the savages of Maxwell's 'Irish Rebellion,' as Cruikshank drew them, will never be unknown; there may be no more "charity boys," and the workhouse may become a retreat of honour as well as of luxury, but in Cruikshank's portraits the inmates of the "Unions" are immortal. Mr. B. Jerrold was not wrong when he pointed out that George Cruikshank created ladies of the Sairy Gamp order and added, that "Many of the comic London characters of to-day are only his figures re-dressed."

When Thackeray praised the "drolleries" of the sister-island, as Cruikshank had depicted them, he omitted the frightful barbarians who, with circumstances nearly as inhuman as attended the cowardly slaughter of Lord Mountmorres (which inaugurated the still current system of patriotic murders), although it does not appear that they danced in the gore of the dead man, killed Lord Kilwarden in cold blood, and in 1798 burned alive or piked unresisting men, women and children. And yet no one drew these devilries with so great force and abhorrence as Cruikshank had done. For all Thackeray had to say about these atrocities—compared with which those alleged of Bulgaria and the "unspeakable Turk" were as naught—they might as well have been transactions of 1641, when 40,000 English were deliberately massacred in Ireland, mostly in cold blood and by pre-concert, a villainy a hundred times more wicked than that of St. Bartholomew. No account of Cruikshank approaches completeness which does not take note of the terrible indictment embodied in his illustrations to Maxwell's book. In these, as in respect to that passion for "Total Abstinence" which marked the artist's later years, he was neither more nor less than a fierce partisan, a man of one idea, earnest and eager in all he did, inspired by a generous fury, and, although nearly always on the right side, seldom a wise, and never a temperate advocate. Fancy such an artist as this being employed to illustrate 'Paradise Lost,' to say nothing of Byron! And yet it was his misfortune to be called upon to give his impressions of both. He would have taken it upon himself to illustrate Spenser or Tennyson, or even Shelley. Of course he could not be expected to see the absurdity of such attempts. The blame lies with those who, unconscious of humour, and ignorant of the fitness of things, employed him in ways so foreign to his nature.

Returning to the early works of the artist, let us note that in 1803 we find him etching a sketch by his father, which was a satire on those Volunteers who so often gave occasion for

the exercise of his wit. It was called *Facing the Enemy* (see p. 9), and showed a portly, amateur soldier, beef-fed to repletion, and attended by the national bull-dog, looking with supercilious commiseration at a half-starved and ragged Frenchman, whom he remarks that it would be charitable to feed before fighting him. This is not an unapt example of Isaac Cruikshank's style in wit, and it proves inferior to that of George. It is noteworthy as the first plate with which the latter had to do, and Ackermann published at No. 101, in the Strand, the "Repository of the Arts," from which thenceforth so many of "George's" satires came forth. The first dated Cruikshank is, according to Mr. Reid, who recognized the hand of the son over the signature of Isaac his father, *The Soldier's Farewell*, published by Ackermann, August 13, 1803, *i. e.* when our artist was not yet eleven years old.

In 1805 Mr. S. W. Fores, of the firm which was then, as it is now, established at the corner of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, gave to the world the first of a numerous category of Cruikshank's prints, which are likewise the first of an astonishing array of attacks on Napoleon Bonaparte, in producing which the artist outdid himself in vigour, bitterness, and John Bullism. It was called *Boney beating Mack—and Nelson giving him a Whack*, and, as from two barrels of the satiric gun, illustrated the battle of Trafalgar with Nelson presenting to Britannia the ships he had captured at Trafalgar, and Napoleon addressing the Austrian General Mack, from whom, on October 20, 1805, he had captured Ulm. The print is dated November 19, 1805.

George Cruikshank's first book illustration proper, the leader of an immense host, comprising some of his most admirable pieces, to which we shall come presently, is the frontispiece to a tract called 'The Impostor Unmasked.' It is the prime instance of the designer's desire to mingle in the turmoil of home politics of the electioneering sort. While indulging this proclivity he was by no means always to be found on the same side ; according as

he found occasion he sometimes served the king; on other days he was so far from bigotry that "Royal George" was the strongly-marked butt of his satiric arrows. The like impartiality, independence, or whatever it might have been, was manifested by Hogarth, Gillray, and Rowlandson. "The Impostor" was R. Brinsley Sheridan, who in October, 1806, had addressed a mob of the electors of Westminster, and professed to maintain the Bill of Rights; his audience emphatically remind him that many of his own bills remained unpaid, while his "checks" were worthless. According to Mr. Reid's catalogue above-mentioned, the first etching bearing the name of "*G. Cruikshank, del.*" is No. 30 in the series it describes, and is the first which has to do with William Cobbett, another frequent subject of satire chosen by this artist. It is called *Cobbett at Court*, was published October 16, 1807, and belongs to No. III. of that not over-refined or moderate serial, 'The Censor,' and shows how the democrat was supposed to appear at St. James's Palace with, under his arm, an address to be presented to the king. The humour of the piece is very distinctly Cruikshankian, and excels in the astonished expression of a Bow Street runner at the appearance of Cobbett, to whom his attention had, till then, been called in a very different manner.

"The Guards at St. James's were all drawn out,
And the drums rolled 'row de row,'"

is part of the rhymed motto of this noteworthy specimen of the powers of an artist then in his fifteenth year. 'The Censor' is not to be confounded with 'The Meteor,' or 'Monthly Censor,' a publication of 1813 and 1814, with which Cruikshank had much to do. *Baiting the Russian Bear*, an indolent magistrate, over-fastidious lackies, who will not wear flannel, Bonaparte again, old maids and a tom-cat, the alleged greediness of the royal family in demanding their allowances while the people were distressed for bread, the conduct of General Whitelock at Buenos Ayres, the

war in Spain, Napoleon as Apollyon, the catastrophe at Walcheren, and, above all, the case of Mrs. Clarke against the Duke of York, occupied Cruikshank until the end of 1809.

How fervid was popular agitation at this time, 1809-10, the reader may guess, who remembers that on the 30th of January of the latter year, Colonel S. W. Wardle, a member of Parliament, actually received the thanks of the City of London, and its freedom to boot, because he had been conspicuous in bringing the gravest charges of corruption in his high office against the Commander-in-Chief, who was the king's brother and Duke of York. No wonder satirical draughtsmen with strong democratic proclivities were busily employed, while the public crowded to buy the designs of Cruikshank and his fellows. His Grace, and his graceless, laughing, impudent, and victorious mistress, who had turned against him, could not but be fair game to such a pencil as that wielded by the juvenile satirist who, largely by this means, grew rapidly in reputation, employment, and credit. His etchings were to be seen in every print-shop in London, and in a thousand homes were heartily enjoyed as soon as Fores sent them forth. Fairburn of the Minories, another publisher of renown, took him in hand at this period, and made a good deal of money by his means. Kemble and the O. P. (Old Prices) riots at Covent Garden, 1809, with Sir William Curtis and John Bull, did not escape. 1810 brought Sir F. Burdett to the fore, and found Cruikshank his vigorous advocate; in 1811 Napoleon made a new entrance on the satiric stage, and appeared there in the act of nursing the infant King of Rome; nor because he had been re-installed as Commander-in-Chief, did the Duke of York escape, when Cruikshank eagerly took up the etching-needle against him in a now-forgotten serial called 'The Scourge.' A *Kick from Yarmouth to Wales* was the unusually happy title of a design in which the Regent is assaulted by the Earl of Yarmouth, and his countess looks on, not much disturbed because her royal patron is effectually thrashed. In *Princely Agility* the well-beaten

prince lies in bed with a sprained ankle, and is very anxious about his wig and whiskers, which are brought to him, while the Marchioness of Hertford is feeding her royal admirer. This was in 1812. The etcher continued to work for 'The Scourge,' 'The Satirist,' 'Town Talk,' and similar publications. The shooting of Mr. Percival, the Regent, his mistresses, Bonaparte, Whitebread the brewer, Tom Cribb the pugilist, Grimaldi the clown, the "sainted" Queen Caroline, the French in Russia, Charles Kean as Richard III. ("sketched from y^e life" and a capital portrait), the Duke of Cumberland's liaison with Lady Grosvenor, and a score more events of the day occupied him till 1814, and Admiral Cochrane, the making of Blücher into an LL.D. at Oxford, and, with amazing zest and energy, the domestic troubles of Carlton House, the flight of the Princess Charlotte from home could not but attract Cruikshank, one of whose last designs of the period is named *The R——t kicking up a Row*, because it depicts the Regent in a violent passion, holding a birch rod in one hand, and furiously driving Miss Knight from her post in the palace, where she was in attendance on the princess; the young lady, whom the artist always made at least as exuberant as in nature, is seen running away because she dreads a whipping from her exasperated father. In the background the Bishop of Salisbury, in episcopal robes, is seen exclaiming in terror, "*Dash my wig, here's a pretty kick up!*"*

By this time, 1814-15, the reputation of the artist was so firmly established that to omit his name from below a design was about the last thing to be thought of by the owner and his publishers, some of whom were thriving abundantly with his help. Tegg, Fores, Mrs. Humphrey (the employer of Gillray), S. Knight of Sweeting's Alley, Hodgson & Co., and one or two more published all Cruikshank did at this time. The first

* It may be needless to say that Miss Knight, in her published history of the flight of the princess, gave very different accounts of the conduct of the Regent and her own position.

numerous series of designs made by him appeared in this period. Dr. Syntax's 'Life of Napoleon,' consisted of thirty designs illustrating events, from the youthful *Napoleon dreaming in the Military College*, to *The Landing in Elba*. The case of "The Earl of Rosebery v. Sir H. Mildmay," which occupied "society" in 1814-15, was the subject of two clever satires, which were followed by a comical skit upon Joanna Southcote, published in December of the former year. The next absorbing theme was the escape of Bonaparte from Elba, and this demanded from our artist about twenty swiftly appearing plates, none of which are very good. The connection of Cruikshank with one Wooler, often mentioned as "The Black Dwarf," a scurrilous patriot and printer of Houndsditch (Mr. Reid often called him "Woolner"), is signalized in two prints of 1815. Far more important and interesting is the advent on the Cruikshankian stage of William Hone, the Radical publisher of Fleet Street. This occurred by means of *The King's Statue in Guildhall*, which came forth in June, 1815,* and represented the unveiling of an effigy of George III. in Guildhall, when Sir W. Curtis, Lord Ellenborough, Sir W. Scott (Lord Eldon), and others were present. The circumstance created an enormous sensation, and to have taken a share in the ceremony was considered a sure test of loyalty. The print illustrated the author's power of telling a story in what may be called an "all round manner," and so that it is not only we who see the circumstances represented by him, but the persons concerned seem to take part in them, and to be conscious of each other, while not one is merely, as in commonplace designs, conscious of himself and of us looking on. The people live, in fact, not like inferior actors, each of

* Dr. K. S. Mackenzie, as quoted by Mr. B. Jerrold, said that it was in the year 1819, "while Cruikshank was a mere youth, that Hone first noticed the genius" of the satirist. This is not quite correct. Four years previously Hone had dealings, as above indicated, with the artist, who was then more than twenty-three years of age.

whom "struts his little hour upon the stage," but in the way of persons absorbed in what is passing before them, and each with more or less concern in that event according to the degree in which it affects him. There are many noble instances of Cruikshank's powers in this particular respect, and, had the statement of Dr. Mackenzie been correct, that Hone—whose influence on the artist and his fortunes was of the most momentous order, as well as immediate and long lasting—discovered that genius in 1819, it would have been worth noting. As it is, the first publication in which the compiler of 'The Year Book,' 'Every Day Book,' and numerous works by which—his political brochures being now nearly forgotten—he is remembered, and Cruikshank came together in 1815, marks one of the best instances of the artist's ability. It fully justified the enterprising Hone in employing him to satirize kings, lords, and commons, from Louis XVIII. as an old woman at a washing-tub trying to wash the red and blue from the French flag, and make it all white, while Napoleon at St. Helena derides the laborious dame, and cries, "They are all tri-coloured in grain." He then assailed the Allies who were supposed to be dividing France, appropriating her property, and abolishing her liberties. The first-named print is entitled, *Louis XVIII. climbing the Mât de Cocagne*, the second, *Patience on a Monument smiling at Grief*, the third, *The After-piece to the Tragedy of Waterloo*. We shall shortly see how the intimacy between Hone and the artist developed.

It was in 1816 that Cruikshank published one of the most trenchant and comprehensive of his many satires on that unfortunate wight, the Regent. It was called *The Court at Brighton, à la Chinese*. The scene is the reception-room in the Pavilion, which is adorned with statues, placed *vis à-vis*, of the Hottentot Venus and the British "Adonis of sixty," as Leigh Hunt styled him in that famous article in the *Examiner* which landed the writer at Horsemonger Lane Jail. The statues are equally obese and laughably alike. The Regent himself, in a



(Published in 1803.)

Chinese dress, is seated on an ottoman, wearing, in allusion to his matrimonial difficulties, a pair of gilt horns, and bidding Lord Amherst—who was then about to start on his embassy to the Flowery Land—bring from that country new decorations for the marine palace. The Princess Charlotte, who was soon to wed Prince Leopold, asks her father for a Chinese husband, instead of being compelled to marry one of her German cousins. Leopold is amazed at this request of his bride. The Marchioness of Hertford lies on a couch and, with her fingers, suggests the indignity she was said to have inflicted on her husband; while, his official staff being surmounted with a pair of horns, he looks on. Queen Charlotte is pouring her savings into the Regent's purse, which is held open by Colonel MacMahon; Lords Eldon and Ellenborough are behind. The satire of this and hosts of similar prints in which Lords Eldon, Ellenborough, Castlereagh, Elgin and Cochrane, the Regent, the Emperor Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, the Princess Charlotte, her mother, Bergami (the alleged lover of the Queen), Prince Leopold, Robert Owen the Socialist, and many more persons are concerned, is never very delicate, sometimes is such as public opinion would not, nowadays, tolerate. Cruikshank was, probably, justified by the state of popular taste at that time, a state which his designs illustrate energetically, and certainly did not create. Such works, however, rebuke while they refute the assertions of injudicious enthusiasts, who would have us believe that the artist never produced and never published what he regretted to have drawn. It is the more to his honour that, while most of his contemporaries were greater offenders, he led the way in refining, and, after the heat of youth had subsided, offended no more.

With the conspicuous assaults on the Regent and his *entourage*, which reached their climax in 1816, much fun was made of the marriage of "Single Gloster," or the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Mary, his cousin. Tegg published a characteristic etching in June of this year, entitled *Farmer George's daughter, Polly*,

longing for a Slice of single Gloucester, in which the scene is a dairy. In the next year Cruikshank illustrated 'The British Stage' with a series of capital but somewhat exaggerated portraits in character of famous actors, such as Young, Liston, Oxberry, Miss Booth, Braham, C. Kemble, Macready, Kean, Terry, Miss Brunton and Farren. They are invaluable in their way. Then came "*Orator*" *Hunt*, declaiming to a crowd of ragamuffins; that worthy is made to demand "*no Taxes, no Monarchy, no Laws, no Religion.*" In the next year, besides many social satires on costumes, dandies, and Louis XVIII. as *A French Elephant*, seen from behind, stooping, and as Mr. Reid said, ingeniously made "to take the form of the ungainly animal," we had a laughter-provoking caricature which has often been copied, and is still to be met in collections. It was published by Fores of Piccadilly, and one of the most popular examples of the period. At this time he illustrated 'The Wit's Magazine,' Kerr's 'Ancient Legends,' 'The Humorist,' and Caulfield's 'Remarkable Persons,' with series of designs (all showing how book-publishers had discovered his merits), and made also a considerable number of single plates, most of the themes of which were social weaknesses and follies, not personal or political incidents. In 1819 he with a vengeance returned to lash the Regent, his flatterers and concubines, and held them up to universal scorn and laughter.

The books here mentioned may be said to have opened that series of still more energetic and successful instances "adorned with cuts" in wood, which brought Cruikshank into the foremost rank of satirists. After the appearance of *The Political House that Jack built*, which bore the *imprimatur* of the audacious and unconquerable Hone, a seal was, so to say, set upon their relations with each other. With this work the public was so much pleased that, it is said, not fewer than 100,000 copies of it were sold. The text was a feeble version of the well-known nursery ballad; the thirteen cuts were "George's," and they irretrievably damaged the ministry of that day. Dr. Mackenzie

was right in saying that that book injured the Cabinet far more than the famous 'Register' of Cobbett, acrid, pitilessly logical and fiercely sarcastic as this publication was. The person first assailed was the Duke of Wellington, whose intention was, it was said, to set the sword against the "pen," or the Press. It is now averred by the well informed, that this was a popular error, and that although the Duke intended to suppress license without mercy (as Napoleon, with the immortal "whiff of grape-shot" which for many a day gave peace to Paris, had done), he was no foe to Liberty. "*These are the Vermin, a Race obscene,*" refers to a courtier, parson, tax-gatherer, lawyer, and soldiers. Attorney-General Sir T. Erskine is called "the Public Informer," and George IV. sarcastically shown as "the Man" attired as a general officer and covered with military insignia. With this renowned publication may be ranked *The Man in the Moon*, *Non mi Ricordo*, a satire on the supposed appearance of a witness at the trial of Queen Caroline, *The Political Showman at Home*, *The Political "A," Apple Pie*, which contained twenty-three cuts, each referring to a letter in the alphabet: "B," satirizing the bishops as greedy pigs; "D," the Duke of York as keeper of the king's (George III.) person, and getting rich in the office; "E," Erskine as a birch-broom seller; "F," C. J. Fox's widow (Mrs. Armitage) eating eleemosynary plum pudding; "M," the Countess of Mansfield as Deputy Ranger of Richmond Park, riding off with £1600 a year, &c.* Of this numerous group of works none attracted more attention and has become scarcer than the once renowned *Queen's Matrimonial Ladder*, printed on cardboard in two columns and representing a ladder, on the rungs of which were inscribed sarcastic references to the career of Queen Caroline in England and her husband's conduct towards her; between each of the rungs

* The lady was the beautiful Louisa, daughter of Lord Cathcart, sister of the Honourable Mary, who married Mr. Graham, afterwards Lord Lyndoch. Romney painted the former in one of his masterpieces, Gainsborough the latter with even more brilliant charms.

was a design, eighteen in all, including *Qualification*, where the Regent is in vile company and tipsy behind a screen, according to the admonition of Solomon, "*Give not thy strength unto women, nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings*"; and *Degradation*, where the same prince is doing penance in a sheet, with the motto, "*So let him stand.*" Great numbers of this production were sold; it went through at least fifteen editions. Most of these works were illustrated with wood-cuts.

Although we need not accept Cruikshank's estimate of the prodigious effect on public policy of his very famous *Bank Restriction Note*, which I have now to consider, there can be no doubt that this very original publication did a great deal in accentuating and giving force to the popular doubts of the efficacy of hanging as a punishment for offences of the minor order. For coining, forgery of all kinds, and sheep and horse-stealing, men, women, and even children were hung without the least question of the fitness of the proceeding. In the metropolis on a Monday morning nothing was commoner than the hanging of two, three, or four persons; and, as we know from the anecdotes of George Selwyn and other worthies, it was usual to secure seats in the houses opposite Newgate for parties of gentlemen to "make a night of it," and sit up jollily drinking and feasting that they might be ready when eight o'clock arrived, and culprits were launched into eternity from the platform above that street in which the rents of taverns were "fabulous," because they gave "coigns of vantage" to spectators.* Cruikshank's own account of his celebrated print is,

* Dickens described one of these scenes with horrible force and veracity; a once popular ballad on the same subject was hardly less graphic, and I think it was Selwyn, or one of his companions, who said of the demeanour of a certain boy, when brought out to be hanged at Newgate, that, "in all my life I never saw a boy cry so!" These executions were, of course, quite apart from the very frequent catastrophies at Tyburn, one of which, so long before as 1747, Hogarth—always in the van of the merciful—delineated with intensity of sardonic satire in *Industry and Idleness*, *Plate XI.*, which shows that, for

as might be expected, by far the best, and may be copied here from Mr. B. Jerrold's book ; but, so far as I know, not originally published there. It was given in a letter to a friend, thus—

“DEAR WHITAKER,

“About the year 1817 or 1818 [G. W. Reid grouped this work with others of 1820, and I believe this is correct. The artist's memory, never very accurate in such details, may have erred in this respect] there were one-pound Bank of England notes in circulation, and unfortunately there were forged one-pound bank notes in circulation also ; and the punishment for passing these forged notes was in some cases transportation for life, in others DEATH. At that time I resided in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, and had occasion to go early one morning to a house near the Bank of England ; and in returning home between eight and nine o'clock, down Ludgate Hill, and seeing a number of persons looking up the Old Bailey, I looked that way myself, and saw several human beings hanging on the gibbet opposite Newgate Prison, and, to my horror, two of these were women ; and, upon inquiry what these women had been hung for, was informed that it was for passing one-pound notes. The fact that a poor woman could be put to death for such a minor offence had a great effect upon me—and I at that moment determined, if possible, to put a stop to such a shocking destruction of life for merely obtaining a few shillings by fraud ;

the convenience of spectators, a lofty sort of grand-stand was maintained *en permanence* near the “triple tree.” Here ladies and even children, as well as gentlemen, paid for their seats, and thence it was customary to dispatch carrier pigeons to announce the completion of the sentences. A hundred curious incidents are shown in this wonderful design, including the way in which, pending the arrival of the culprit, Jack Ketch lounged on one of the cross-posts of the fatal triangle and smoked a short pipe, and how the Ordinary of Newgate, officially bound to attend on such occasions, rode apart in advance of his charge in a stately mourning coach, and left the condemned Thomas Idle to approach the gallows in an open cart with his own coffin and a Wesleyan minister, who passionately implored that unfortunate mortal to repent and trust in the Heaven to which his uplifted forefinger is directed.

and well knowing the habits of the low class of society in London, I felt sure that in many cases the rascals who forged the notes induced these poor ignorant women to go into the gin-shops to 'get something to drink,' and thus *pass* the notes, and hand them the change. My residence was a short distance from Ludgate Hill (Dorset Street); and after witnessing this tragic scene I went home, and in ten minutes designed and made a sketch of *This Bank Note not to be imitated*. About half an hour after this was done, William Hone came into my room, and saw the sketch lying upon my table; he was much struck with it, and said, 'What are you going to do with this, George?' 'To publish it,' I replied. Then he said, 'Will you let me have it?' To this request I consented, made an etching of it, and it was published—Mr. Hone then resided on Ludgate Hill—not many yards from the spot where I had seen the people hanging on the gibbet; and when it appeared in his shop windows, it created a great sensation, and people gathered about his house in such numbers that the Lord Mayor had to send the City police (of that day) to disperse the crowd. The Bank Directors held a meeting immediately on the subject, and AFTER THAT, they issued *no more* one-pound notes, and so there was no more hanging for passing FORGED *one-pound notes*; not only that, but ultimately no hanging, even for forgery. After this Sir Robert Peel got a bill passed for the 'Resumption of Cash Payments.' AFTER THIS he revised the Penal Code, and AFTER THAT *there was not any more hanging or punishment of DEATH for minor offences*. In a work I am preparing for publication, I intend to give a copy of *The Bank Note*, as I consider it the most important design and etching I ever made in my life; for it saved the lives of thousands of my fellow-creatures, and for having been able to do this Christian act I am indeed most truly thankful, and am, dear friend,

"Yours truly,

"GEORGE CRUIKSHANK."

"263, Hampstead Road,
December 12, 1875."

Hone, seeing that he had lived in the Old Bailey for some time, must have been very familiar with the annals of the gallows in Newgate. The sardonic "bank-note" could not have been issued at the period mentioned in the artist's letter, because in 1817 and 1818 Hone's address was in that street, as appeared by the publication line of Cruikshank's *Funeral Procession of Her Royal Highness, Princess Charlotte*, which Hone put forth, while the publication line of *Bank Restriction Note* itself is, "*Published by William Hone, Ludgate Hill*," in this agreeing with Cruikshank's letter to Mr. Whitaker.

There is much that is amusing in the simplicity with which "George" gives credit to himself as the efficient human instrument of Divine Providence in abolishing one-pound notes, in mitigating punishment for passing the same when forged, in putting a stop to hanging for forgery, in promoting the resumption of cash payments, and procuring the amelioration of the Penal Code. That he had satirized one-pound notes out of existence and influenced the Directors of the Bank of England, was a notion which must have been extremely comforting to so sincere and ardent a philanthropist. The fact is that the influence of the gallows, always, during a certain phase of society, most beneficent as an educating apparatus, and, like that of the whipping-post in certain districts, invaluable as a civilizing agent, was, at this period exhausted. But, of course, it did not follow that it had never been of the greatest service to society in removing injurious elements, and checking potential ruffians and rascals; giving, in fact, to not a few of them, strength to resist their inclinations to do evil. The time had come for the employment of other means of training scoundrelism and for chastising those who, without working, desired to appropriate to their own use what they were pleased to regard as the "unearned increment" of other folks' industry and self-denial. That one-pound notes had anything to do with the matter is a characteristic notion of the generous muddle-headedness of the writer of the

letter. One-pound notes still circulate in Scotland, but it is no longer necessary to hang the knaves of that country who forge them, still less need we inflict capital punishment on the fools who put them into circulation, and thus do their worst to rob honest and industrious persons of the price of their labour and the reward of their self-control.

The *Bank Restriction Note* is, as a piece of wit and invention, a very poor thing indeed; as a plea for mercy it is of the shallowest; but on that account it is, of course, as a popular appeal, by no means unapt. It is a sort of loose plagiarism of a one-pound note, with the figures of three women and eight men hanging by the neck, a row of manacles in one part, twelve heads of culprits in another, and the noosed rope elsewhere; the autograph of "J. Ketch" is in the place of that of "Abraham Newland."

In Cruikshank's notes to the catalogue of his exhibition in Exeter Hall, 1862, it is stated by him that "the Directors of the Bank of England were exceedingly wroth [with the publication of the *Restriction Note*], and these notes were in such demand that they could not be printed fast enough, and I had to sit up all night to etch and send plates. Mr. Hone realized above £700, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hung after this for passing *one-pound* forged Bank of England notes."* Elsewhere Cruikshank averred it

* This puts one in mind of the fact that when Hogarth published his wonderful etching of that "old fox," Lord Lovat, counting the Clans on his fingers, "the rolling-press could not go fast enough to supply impressions of the plate." It was at work night and day for a long period, and although deeply bitten, so worn that it was more than once re-bitten. If Hone realized anything like £700 on this occasion, it was a proof that patriotism is sometimes more than its own reward. In this case, as in that of *Lord Lovat*, the price of an impression was one shilling. It is observable that, not in 1820, or later, but on the first of October, 1817, cash payments for notes dated before the previous first of January were resumed by the Bank of England. It was in March, 1819, Sir James Mackintosh's motion for a committee of the House of Commons to consider the criminal law, as relating to capital punishment, was carried. From this inquiry abundant remissions accrued. An Act

was by this means "he had put a stop to hanging." With the *Note* was published *The Bank Restriction Barometer*, showing a graduated scale "of the Effects on Society of the Bank Note System, and Payments in Gold," which proved, according to its author, that the Millennium would be near when there was no more hanging for forgery. The *Note* and the *Barometer* were sold for a shilling. The former is now scarce; the latter very scarce indeed. Fac-similes of the *Note* are in Mr. B. Jerrold's 'Life of G. Cruikshank,' 1882, and Mr. Bates's 'George Cruikshank,' 1879. The latter is the better, and accompanied by *The Barometer*.

It was characteristic of Cruikshank that he, notwithstanding the odium incurred by Hone on account of publications which were said to be blasphemous, rebellious, disloyal, and subversive of religion, good manners, and true morals, stuck to him, and, while disclaiming concern or sympathy in the works, never denied his warm personal friendship for the man who had been sponsor for many a satire, tract and broadside in which he was concerned. Hone died in 1843, and, consistent to the last, George Cruikshank in company with Dickens attended the funeral of his friend. The clergyman who performed the last office for the dead took it upon himself to make some apologetic and condemnatory remarks on the character and career of Hone. Deeply moved by this, "George" turned to Dickens and, *sub voce*, said, "If he wasn't a clergyman, and this wasn't a funeral, I'd punch his head!"

Cruikshank persuaded himself that to his *Friends' Frying-Pan* was due the suppression of Bartholomew Fair, always an occasion of debauchery, gluttony, uproar, robbery and fraud. In a

for the further Prevention of the Forging of Bank-notes was passed in 1820, and in the same year, various Acts authorizing capital punishment for certain offences were repealed. On May 8, 1821, the Bank of England began to pay its notes in cash. After this it is clear Cruikshank's influence was less than he imagined.

note to the group of designs called *Odd Fish*, and shown at the Westminster exhibition of his works, he led the reader to infer that he had, by means of this print, "brought the Mayor and Aldermen to look at it [the Fair] in the same light as myself, and, at last, put an end to that which was a disgrace to the City."



HANS IN LUCK. (*German Popular Stories.*)



THE GOOSE-GIRL. (*Gammer Grethel.*)

II.

The Regent and his *entourage*, male and female of all grades, had not escaped the searching etching-needle of our artist whenever an occasion, which was almost incessantly, presented itself for satire. On January 29, 1820, George III., of whom the wits had taken no notice for many a year, was removed from this world, and George IV. took his place on that throne which, as a sort of *locum tenens*, he had long occupied. In his relations with his wife, the foolish, if not criminal, Queen Caroline, the new monarch attracted the attention of the artist, and within a month or two, G. Humphrey, of St. James's Street, whose shop had been the home of Gillray till his last hour, put forth one of Cruikshank's most amusing cuts. It was called *The Royal*

Rushlight, and showed how his Majesty and his ministers tried to put down the queen, whose head has the form of the flame of a rushlight which is upset, while Brougham endeavours to support her, and Lord Eldon as an old woman, Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Wooler ("the Black Dwarf"), are in attendance, and blowing their hardest to extinguish the flame. Although Cruikshank assailed the king on account of his dealings with the unhappy queen, he by no means backed her Majesty without discrimination. *The Radical Ladder*, where she appears on a ladder, wearing a fool's cap, and holding a torch to destroy the crown, is one of those counterblasts which showed the impartiality of the designer and the willingness of his employers, the print publishers, to please either side by attacking its adversary. In this example, *Mob Government*, *Cato Street*, "*Orator*" *Hunt*, *Hunt's Procession*, *Smithfield*, and *Spa Fields*, all and severally indicate the dangers of yielding to a turbulent and unscrupulous democracy. In *The Funeral Pile* the mob destroy the Bible, laws, and religion, and we have Cobbett, Wooler, Alderman Wood and other partisans of the queen, who is seen blinded by a fool's cap, like a Cap of Liberty. In the year 1821 appeared, besides many amusing and vigorous studies, a certain number of works which serve to show how often Cruikshank etched the satirical designs of other persons, adding, no doubt, much verve and "go" of all sorts to them. This curious practice is illustrated by the publication lines of eight etchings, explaining the inconveniences of continental travel, published by Mrs. Humphrey, and inscribed, "*Drawn by W. P. Etched by G. Ck.*" * Mr. McLean of the

* Many instances of this curious partnership in wit might be cited from the catalogue of Cruikshank's works, where they occur during a long period. This artist was not the first to act as sponsor for the designs of others. G. Darley, one of the best known and ablest of the forerunners of "George," published hundreds of his own satires, and often advertised his willingness to etch and otherwise prepare for issue the ideas of would-be wits, *i. e.* "to make ready gentlemen's own drawings, and engrave the same," as he phrased

Haymarket, republished these examples in 1835. They are not without vitality, and in some respects they remind us of Rowlandson's immortal designs of similar themes. Of course it is hardly necessary to say that Rowlandson and Cruikshank, having a function in common, often assailed the same persons, satirized the same abuses, frauds and crimes, and held up to public censure similar conduct. The Regent, Napoleon and his brothers, the so-called "delicate investigation" (of the conduct of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke), the English royal dukes, the trial of Queen Caroline, her efforts to be crowned with her husband, the democratic leaders, the French republicans, pugilists, and what not, each and all attracted the arrows of the brilliant humorists in design. In this way they may be said to have worked together until, on the 27th of April, 1827, Rowlandson's long career of seventy years was terminated by death, at his apartments in the Adelphi. Like Cruikshank and Darley, Rowlandson was accustomed to "prepare for publication" the designs of other wits. Many of the subjects which engaged the above-named masters of satire were dealt with by Gillray, the man who, much more than Hogarth, his greater forerunner, led the satiric forces against what these artists considered the political crimes and abuses of their times.*

Of the designs enriching the well-known 'Tom and Jerry' text I refrain from saying more than that they appeared in numbers from August 1820, to July 1821. Of the twenty-three examples pertaining to Pierce Egan's 'Life in London,' which are known by the former title, Thackeray has, with inimitable zest,

it. Even the once famous *Three Courses and a Dessert* comprised Cruikshank's carrying out, not his own, but the designs of Mr. W. Clarke, the author of that brilliant invention.

* The chronological relationship of these worthies of the graver and etching-needle may be given thus: Hogarth was born in 1698, and died in 1764; Rowlandson was born in 1756, and died in 1827; Gillray was born in 1757, and died in 1815; Cruikshank was born in 1792, and died in 1878.

forestalled any comments by a weaker hand than his. I doubt extremely if this once renowned publication had a favourable effect on the manners and morals of men who were already "fast," foolish, and vulgar. It has always been my opinion that George Cruikshank's peculiar genius in a melodramatic vein reached its acme in 1822, when the famous illustrations to 'Peter Schlemihl,' eight in number, were published with almost universal applause. Thackeray, with characteristic acuteness and rare sympathy with the wit of the thing, admired the brilliant ideality employed by the designer when he made the Tempter—who had just acquired the shadow of Peter by purchase—stooping to the ground, and, beginning with one leg, carefully folding it up, much as a tailor might fold up a pair of breeches. With prodigious spirit the artist gave the horror of Peter's mistress, walking with him in that paradise of a garden, when, in the fullness of the moon's lustre, she noticed that no shadow followed him, although her own shadow was manifest, and every tree, shrub, and cloud was similarly attended! Nor is the next design of the series less sympathetic. In it the victim of that monstrous bargain which thrills our feelings and stills our blood, sits alone in his bed-chamber while the fateful hour of midnight is about to be recorded by the table clock, and—with trembling fingers at his lips, concentrated upon himself, ghastly and full of terror—glares at the dial. Except himself everything in the room is distinctly shadowed on the floor and walls. Admirable is the design in which the Tempter, attended by two shadows—his own and the purchased one—appears to Peter in broad sunlight, and with a diabolic grin holds out to him the terrible contract, which is drawn up thus: "*I hereby promise to deliver over my soul to the bearer after its natural space of—*" &c. Peter shudders and trembles in every fibre ere he takes the pen to part with himself for ever. One of the best of these designs shows how, at a later time, again encountering the Evil One, Peter is presented to the shadowy form held out to him, which, flaccid, flat, and

semi-diaphanous, a mere shaving of a man, so to say, affords him anything but comfort. And the darkest of dark pits yawns at the feet of the pair !

In a similar vein were wrought Cruikshank's illustrations to Grimm's 'Popular Stories,' that wonderful treasure of the wildest fun, quaintest humour, and boldest invention. They were published in the same year with 'Peter Schlemihl,' and like that



THE ELVES AND THE COBLER. (Grimm's *Popular Stories*.)

work, attained the extremely rare distinction of being re-published in Germany with the original text. Such an honour had been vouchsafed in Germany to Hogarth, several of whose designs were re-engraved for the Fatherland, where the originals found ready markets. But these illustrated their own themes, and stood or failed according to their proper merits. To please Germans by means of illustrations to a German text—especially

one so truly national as 'Peter Schlemihl,' or Grimm's 'Stories,' was a distinction of the rarest for a foreigner to attain. Not to be out of the way when "good advice" was rife, Cruikshank contracted with Mr. R. Farney to illustrate Watt's 'Divine and Moral Songs,' with seven very "moral" etchings. Ireland's 'Life of Napoleon' appeared in 1823, with twenty-seven etchings by Cruikshank after C. Vernet and others. 'Points of Humour,' Part I., was put forth in 1822; the second part, a much superior series of ten designs, was published in the next year, and sustained, if it did not add to, the artist's fame.

It was about this time, the exact period does not matter, although the testimony is in itself very honourable to our satirist, that the clumsy, half tipsy, or quite tipsy exercises of Prof. Wilson, in what he was pleased to call 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' (the popularity of which is one of the wonders of literary history), gave him occasion to praise George Cruikshank. In the execution of his task Wilson bungled so outrageously as to aver that his friend could paint "Annunciations," which is exactly what he could never have done and never cared to attempt; and then, with a fine disregard of common sense and relevancy, this lumbering impostor of an admirer bawled to the artist—so great in himself—to "*think of Hogarth!*"

Cruikshank did many things artistic he had better not have attempted, and as we have seen, anent one-pound notes and hanging, he was not slow to feel the importance of his mission. But he never attempted to paint an Annunciation. He was unwisely employed to illustrate Byron, noteworthily in 'An Incident in the Siege of Ismail,' where Don Juan rescues the child from the savage Cossacks, which was published in 1824, a year to which we now come. He illustrated 'The Corsair,' and, in 1824-5 took in hand Clinton's 'Life of Byron,' with the poet's 'Giaour,' 'Don Juan,' 'Lara,' 'Prisoner of Chillon,' 'Mazeppa,' 'Beppo,' 'Cain,' and other instances—forty etchings in all. One shudders to think of Cruikshank's version of

'Manfred,' but even in the best of these poems there is a fine melodramatic element not foreign to the genius of our subject, although of whatever was "transpontine" and theatrical in Byron's muse Cruikshank's art was a very Nemesis. He was always at home in the fine comedy and, sometimes, happy in the tragedy of Shakespeare and Scott; he was happiest in *Mornings at Bow Street*, three series of various dates, and *London Characters*, of 1829 (surely no one ever more truly delineated the butcher's boy, or the parish beadle of this series); he was terribly in earnest in Maxwell's 'History of the Irish Rebellion,' to which I have already referred; he showed inexhaustible imagination in illustrating fairy tales of all sorts, but he came to grief, as might be expected, in treating Milton! In laughing at the "young ladies," whom he understood, he gave us a foretaste of what he could have done with the so-called "Girton Girl" of our own time. Great was he with Dickens (e. g. 'Oliver Twist'), greater with W. Harrison Ainsworth, and in ludicrous and sardonic portraiture he never failed. After doing so much it is truly wonderful that any one should have conceived Cruikshank painting an Annunciation!

What 'Peter Schlemihl' was in one respect, such, in another way, was *Mornings at Bow Street*, in regard to Cruikshank's renown. This series of twenty-one designs appeared in 1825, and made all London laugh as it never laughed again till *Three Courses and a Dessert* was set forth for its delectation. It was in 1825 that Cruikshank's association with Hone, to which attention has been already invoked, was again manifest in eleven wood-cuts made for the extremely popular 'Every Day Book' of that energetic compiler, radical reformer, and publisher. Among the illustrations to Mr. Reid's great catalogue is a set of facsimiles of the *Punch and Judy* series of 1827 and 1828, which, when the drama is no longer played, and archæological dictionaries have to be consulted as to who were Codlin and Short, will, with intense spirit and veracity, preserve the



Breaking-Up

Two Dec: 29th 1725 by S. Kneller
Sundays Alley Royal Exchange

S. Kneller del. 1725

memories of the venerable performance of which these worthies were renowned supporters. Till Cruikshank's time no one seems to have thought of illustrating the great peripatetic epic. Since then I know of no one who has got near him in delineating its incidents and enforcing its moral lessons. No one but he approached *Punch and Judy* with so much gravity—thus taking the legend seriously is very witty—with equal resources, with anything like so much energy and with so little exaggeration. It is quite possible to overrate the terrors of the piece, an excess our artist avoided when, with amazing zest, he depicted the career of the tyrant. The vigour and ligneous aspect of the monster, and the sufferings of the heroine were never so faithfully or with so much humour shown as in the twenty-four designs in question.

Scott's 'Demonology and Witchcraft' afforded to Cruikshank the earliest opportunity he enjoyed of dealing with a sequence of subjects in which the grotesque and passionate aspects of superstition were made manifest in designs, the quaintest, most spirited, and picturesquely wild. Elfish as some of these works are, they surpassed the quaint illustrations to Grimm's 'German Stories,' in being more weird and fantastic. They were published in November, 1830, and to this day retain high places as Cruikshanks. 'The New Bath Guide' of Anstey, 'Roderic Random,' Goldsmith, Washington Irving, 'Humphrey Clinker,' and such like instances one and all showed how eager the publishers were to secure the aid of so resourceful an inventor and sympathetic illustrator of humorous and witty texts. *The Knacker's Yard*, or horses' last home, abounds in grim pathos of the sort Bewick expressed in the fine vignette of an old horse turned out to starve slowly, and die in a snow-clad waste, where, trembling with age, cold and hunger, the poor creature turns his long and ragged tail to the blast which shakes his mane, and seems to freeze him as he stands. *The Yard* is one of the most painful, and yet perhaps the most pity-evoking of art's pleas for our

faithful fellow-servants of God. It was published by Nisbet of Berners Street, in 1831. In this year *Three Courses and a Dessert*, which has been already mentioned, was published. In fifty-one designs, it contains some of the finest touches of Cruikshank, not a few of which enchanted Thackeray, and are so warmly praised in another portion of this volume that I had better leave them to him, although it is true that no part of the subject offers greater temptation for an admirer of the artist to hold forth upon.

‘Robinson Crusoe,’ which he illustrated in 1831 with thirty-



From *Three Courses and a Dessert*.

seven capital designs, not engraved by his own hand, offered many good themes to Cruikshank, and enlarged the field of his art; 1832 found him at work on *Scraps and Sketches, Part IV.*, which is second to few of his exercises. To ‘Gil Blas’ he, in 1833, contributed fifteen etchings of great spirit, freedom and variety. Then came ‘Don Quixote,’ ‘My Sketch Book,’ in many parts, ‘The Comic Almanack,’ 1835; and, in the next year, thirty-five admirable and very funny plates to Scott’s ‘Novels.’ In the long list of Cruikshank’s works, the first series of etchings to illustrate the ‘Sketches by Boz’ will be ever memorable.

It consisted of twenty-eight examples of the highest class in the Cruikshankian world of invention, humour, sardonic and sarcastic satire, and appeared in 1836. It was the first category of illustrations to Dickens's works, and on this account alone can never be overlooked by us. The next group of the same kind comprises the incomparable twenty-five etchings to 'Oliver Twist,' in producing which the artist gave solidity to the creations of his author, and brought to life Fagin the Jew, that immortal scamp, "the Artful Dodger;" that beadle of beadles, Mr. Bumble, whose very name has given a word to our language, and survives to designate a variety of our species. In Bill Sykes he outdid himself, and produced a portrait so vigorous, true and original, that, as it seems to me, all the world agrees to accept it as decidedly Cruikshank's master-work. A large proportion of his admirers think *Sykes attempting to destroy his Dog* the best of his designs (see p. 129). Not seldom I find myself of this opinion, and I never convince myself there is a better.

It is most instructive to find, in Cruikshank's letter to the 'Times' on this subject, that, whereas Dickens desired to make the portrait of Oliver Twist himself "rather a queer kind of chap," the artist, struck by the pathos of an inquiry anent the deaths of some workhouse children belonging to the parish of St. James's, Westminster (who had been "farmed out"), called Dickens's attention to the subject, and suggested that "if he took up this matter, his doing so might help to save many a poor child from injury and death, and I earnestly begged him to let me make Oliver a nice, pretty little boy; and, if he so represented him, the public—particularly the ladies—would be sure to take a greater interest in him, and the work would then be a certain success." Mr. Dickens agreed to that request, and I need not say here that my prophecy was fulfilled; and if any one will take the trouble to look at my representations of 'Oliver,' they will see that the appearance of the boy is altered after the first two illustrations." This is very well, so far as it

goes ; but in honour of Dickens it is right to say that the intense sympathies of his illustrious illustrator undoubtedly so far misled him, as they were apt to do in other cases (see what I have said anent the one-pound bank-notes, and the hanging of forgers and others), that he actually claimed the origination of benevolent ideas which were really the property—I was going to write the inheritance—of most intelligent and merciful men, and were very far indeed from being his monopoly, or of his originating. The history of this matter, which I have not space to treat of, is to be found in Forster's 'Life of Dickens.' That author led us to infer that the claims of Cruikshank to be the originator of some of the finest elements in 'Oliver Twist,' had been pounced upon, and made much of on the other side of the Atlantic, where, at that time, there existed among the vulgar representatives of the viler "Press," of that country much spite against Dickens, who had blessed the future of "Spread Eagleism," its bragging, grabbing and swaggering, with incisive portraits of such wretches as Mr. Jefferson Brick, and his like in scoundrelism. In time, when Dickens's satire had worked its good will in the States, juster thoughts of that great genius obtained there. Apart from this, Justice calls upon me to warn readers of Cruikshank's history that his enthusiasm for the right, and his absorption in himself (his horizon was not very extensive), more than once led him to claim as his own, ideas which had been attained before he had to do with them, by the men whose works he illustrated. Thus he vexed the souls of Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth, and Pierce Egan, with claims most injurious to them as the authors of books he was employed to illustrate. However this may be, it must be admitted that, although Cruikshank did not invent the typical personages whose likeness to "the life" we all recognize, he undoubtedly gave form and character to those types, verifying them, so to say, to our eyes, and enabled our ideas to crystallize about them in a manner which is next to creation. It cannot be denied that

the immortality of Dickens has been secured by the artist having made concrete those wonderful ideals.

Many illustrations to 'Bentley's Miscellany' were designed



Designed, Etched & Published by George Cruikshank 1839

The Proud young Porter in
Lord Batemans State apartment —

and etched at this period; they included 'The Ingoldsby Legends.' Then, 1839, came the second set of 'Sketches by Boz,' forty in all, and an amazing group embracing the *Election for a Beadle*,

Seven Dials (a fight of women), the Hogarthian *Gin Shops*, cabs, coaches, *Jemima Evans*, and *The Bloomsbury Christening*. It was in this year also that he produced his well-known illustrations of *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, one of the most successful and most popular of all his works. The notes at the end by Dickens are in his most humorous vein. The ballad was dramatized as a burlesque at the Strand Theatre, and copies of Cruikshank's designs did duty as scene-paintings.

In 'Bentley's Miscellany' for 1839 are to be found those most dramatic etchings to 'Jack Shephard,' in which the odd figure of the spurious hero is a conspicuous example of what the artist could invent with the subtlest knowledge and the ripest sympathy with his work. Ainsworth's 'Tower of London' occupied him in 1840, and was only a little too melodramatic; which is a defect of the text rather than the artist. In forty-one designs the novel was immortalized. It is well, while we have Thackeray and Cruikshank in co-relationship, to remember that the former never forgave Ainsworth and Bulwer for writing novels of which scoundrels and harlots were the heroes and heroines. 'The Tower of London,' and 'Eugene Aram' (to say nothing of 'Jack Shephard,' in mentioning which he lost all patience) were his peculiar abhorrence, and we know that, in 1840, immediately after 'The Tower' was published in succession to 'Jack Shephard,' Thackeray put forth in 'Fraser' the brilliant melodrama, 'Catherine; A Story,' which was intended to counteract the charms of that Old Bailey literature he detested so vehemently.

The Omnibus, 1841, marked a memorable epoch in Cruikshank's career, and although it contained some capital instances of his skill, did not add to pecuniary resources, which a long course of joviality and some improvidence had reduced.

I have already mentioned 'The Comic Almanack' among the exercises of our subject. The volume for 1843 contained some of his best satires, including the capital *New St. Giles*,

Morals for the Million, in which the wonderful effects of "educating the masses" to a knowledge of the power thrust upon them through the effeteness of that middle class which made England, is manifest, and two ex-pickpockets have taken a gentleman to the station-house and charged him with stealing a handkerchief. The horror of the constable on duty is very humorously shown. 'The Comic Almanack,' in nineteen volumes, with nearly two hundred and fifty illustrations by Cruikshank, a sequence unique of its kind, was continued from 1835 to 1853, and became a good annuity to the artist. Sentimental altruism, as distinct from real benevolence and noble charity, often found a sarcastic foe, and sometimes a sardonic commentator in George Cruikshank, whose sympathies with honest and valiant poverty were beyond question, while his wrathful contempt for cant was not seldom shown. His contributions to 'Bentley's Miscellany' were extended through fourteen volumes, and comprised many portraits of noteworthy persons, besides the artistic dramas, 'Oliver Twist,' 'Nights at Sea,' 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' 'Jack Shephard,' 'Guy Fawkes,' and 'Stanley Thorn,' one hundred and thirty-nine etchings in all. Cockney parochialism and vulgar domineering, with red-tape and meddling grandmotherly legislation, frequently occupied the satirist about this time, *vide* the very funny *Commentaries on the New Police Act*, according to which "nobody was allowed to do anything." In them petty tyranny of almost Prussian quality was assumed to be impending over a generation unsuspecting of County Councils and trains of officials, and extortionate rates for the benefit of those who vote but do not pay. For several years after this Cruikshank was almost incessantly employed in giving life to minor publications and ephemera of merit so insignificant that even his ability hardly gave them value. It is needless to attempt to load the reader's memory with the names only of the majority of these things. Descriptions are out of the question when the designs exist solely in cabinets of collectors and have their single record in

Looking for Lodgings.



From 'The Comic Almanack,' 1851. (The year of the Great Exhibition.)

G. W. Reid's astonishing catalogue, which, all told, describes, however briefly, five thousand two hundred and sixty-five examples. Although it may be true that among this host a certain number of instances are not by George Cruikshank, nor even by any one of his name, yet it is averred that, in no inconsiderable way, this stupendous list is incomplete.

The greatest work of 1845 was, beyond question, the score of etchings made for the already mentioned 'History of the Irish Rebellion,' that terrible indictment which delineates savagery gone so far mad in its lust for blood that it almost forgot its cowardice. It may, or may not, be a picture fair to both sides, but it is loyal to the evidence of the time. I consider that, although not, on the whole, his greatest work, it marks the highest point of Cruikshank's invention. To conclude rapidly the list of the eminent groups of designs made by him, I enumerate 'Songs of the late Charles Dibdin' with twelve etchings, 1841, 'The Table Book' of 1845, 'The Fairy Library,' a fascinating body of eighteen etchings illustrating *Hop o' my Thumb*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and *Cinderella*, and published 1854. To 'The Life of Sir John Falstaff,' which as a true biography was produced for Messrs. Longmans in 1857, I shall refer in a few pages. One of its supreme designs, *The Last Scene in the Life of Sir John Falstaff*, is reproduced to illustrate this text. 'The Fairy Library' was continued in 1864.

So far I have spoken of etchings. It is now proper to name some instances of that nature which were reproduced in glyptography, the most remarkable of which is the world-famous group of eight works called *The Bottle*, a fierce satire, but nevertheless, and despite its inevitable coarseness and vulgarity, full of pitiful elements and sardonic wit. At a very low price it had an enormous sale, and was extensively circulated by temperance societies. Cruikshank himself, moved no doubt by considerations proper to its subject rather than his treatment thereof, often declared *The Bottle*, with its inferior sequel, *The Drunkard's Children*, to



JACK'S FIDELITY.

From 'Songs of the late Charles Dibdin.'

be his *chefs d'œuvre*. Many persons are inclined to agree with him, but the majority of students reject the idea. *The Bottle* was published in 1847. A certain number of lithographs deserve mention here, because they include the funny *Beaux of 1818*, *Belles of 1818*, and several music titles of unusual merit. Mr. Reid catalogued seventeen hundred wood-cuts, which we owe to Cruikshank. They extend from the before-mentioned 'Meteor, or Monthly Censor' of 1813, and include 'Lottery Puffs' or 'Handbills,' which attest that, in his early life, the artist did not take himself so seriously as at that later time when the fit of fanatical "Temperance" (or rather total abstinence from spirituous liquors and beer) made him the most uncompromising advocate of teetotalism. Of course *The Bottle* owed its existence to this inspiration. *The Political House that Jack built*, a trenchant group of satires, is named in the catalogue of cuts; so likewise is *The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder*, and some others which have been mentioned above, as *The Man in the Moon*, the illustrations of Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, *A Slap at a Shop*, 'Tales of Irish Life,' *Points of Humour*, 'The Life of Byron,' 'Mornings at Bow Street,' *Tom Thumb*, 'Three Courses and a Dessert,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' *Sunday in London*, a Hogarthian series of fourteen cuts; Cruikshank's *Table Book*, one hundred and twenty-seven examples, some of which are of rare merit.

Cruikshank—besides that terribly unpicturelike picture and huge unwieldy jumble of discordant elements, the so-called *Worship of Bacchus*, which was exhibited at Exeter Hall in 1862, and is villainously executed as a whole and outrageously ridiculous in parts—painted certain works in oil; among them is *Cinderella*, which was at the Academy in 1854; *A Runaway Knock*, British Institution, 1855, both of which were engraved; with *Disturbing the Congregation*, the interior of a church—which Prince Albert bought. In addition we had, *Fitting out Moses for the Fair*, R. A., 1830; *Tam o' Shanter*, R. A., 1852; *A Scene from 'Midsummer Night's Dream'*, R. A., 1853; *On*

Guard, R. A., 1853; a second *Cinderella*, R. A., 1859; and *Shakespeare on the Stage at the Globe Theatre*, 1564, R. A., 1867. He exhibited, besides the above, fourteen pictures at the British Institution.

From a lecture which was delivered some years ago I extract a sort of running comment on what seem to me some of the leading elements of Cruikshank's career and character, not previously alluded to, and yet such as the reader may be willing to accept.

"The astounding fecundity of his genius, and, during the greater part of his life, his prodigious energy and industry variously employed, cannot but strike the reader of the least exhaustive biographies of Cruikshank. I find innumerable proofs of his wealth of inventive power even in those juvenile efforts which have been already alluded to. I am sure Hogarth did not approach him in this respect, for the productions of the latter may be reckoned by hundreds only, whereas we have seen to what thousands the enumeration of G. W. Reid amounted. I find this superabundance of illustrative elements to be essential and radical in the mind of the designer; *e.g.* in illustrating at eleven years old, a subject called *Horse Racing*, he was not content with giving the straining steeds and commonplace accompaniments of the subject, but there is among the bystanders a coachman whipping a boy from the back of his vehicle, and a great hubbub created by a plunging horse. I find the same in the attitudes and expressions of the folks who have been 'ground young again' in *The Wonderful Mill* (1803); here these figures are the magic elements of the design, yet in their extraordinary variety of expressions and attitudes, the marvellously novel conception of the details and the spirit of the idea are rendered by the simplest means, and for nothing more ambitious than the use of children. The same exuberance of invention is to be seen in every design which has followed these. It is in the quaint notion of turning upside down the globe in *The Humorist*, so that north

has been made south, and in adding boys standing on their heads and grinning, as if at the amazement of the Yankee who beheld an Irishman stand on his head to read an inverted public-house sign. It is distinct in that exquisite bit of landscape which accompanies *Sykes attempting to destroy his Dog*, 1870, a landscape which seems to have escaped notice, but is highly deserving of study. I say nothing here of Bill Sykes himself, nor of that too-faithful beast his dog, the attitude of which is one of the most subtle conceptions of my subject (see p. 129); this wealth presents itself by means of the same dog as he cowers under the table in *Mr. Fagin and his pupil recovering Nance*.

"It would be difficult to find a stronger instance of his possession of the intense feeling enabling an artist to enter into and fully act with the spirit of his subject than is afforded by a series of illustrations to Maxwell's 'History of the Irish Rebellion' in twenty water-colour drawings.* These are executed with unwonted spirit and force, and are exceedingly intense in feeling, showing that earnest participation in the events portrayed which has rendered so many chronicles vital now, and redeemed from oblivion so many petty events. This intensity of sensibility is so great as to give the impression that the artist must have lived among the scenes he depicts, although he was still in the practice of his profession amongst us. Although these drawings were executed many years after the Rebellion, yet Mr. Cruikshank might well remember to have walked, let us say, over the still-hot embers of the hideously savage business in question. His feelings about the subject is anything but that of an 'United Irishman'; indeed, these pictures represent the natives as so utterly brutalized and revoltingly savage in aspect

* Which were afterwards etched and published with that searching indictment of ruthless and wanton cruelty, infamous beyond Dahomey sacrifices, and sure to incur chastisement without stint; the etchings were republished in the noble volumes of plates accompanying G. W. Reid's catalogue to which I have often referred, as issued by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, 1871.

and act, that we wonder some irate Celt has not, *more Hibernico*, settled the question with the artist by knocking out his brains with a bludgeon, or furtively shooting him from behind a hedge. The representatives of such horrible countenances as he gives the Irish are hardly to be found even amongst the reapers one sees at work during the English harvest, which is saying a great deal.* He makes their cowardice equal to their brutality ; showing, for instance, in one plate how a Highlander, single-handed, and with his bayonet only, keeps his post against a score of them. In another place, a dozen fellows are kept at fault by the inmates of a little country house, and, while some drag off their men, wounded by shots from a window, others of the gang set fire to the doors of the house, with, on their countenances, such hideous zest in the villainy as is not only marvellous as art, in its expressive rendering, but deeply significant of the designer's thorough entering into his subject. Again, here is a party of savages trying to burn alive in a thatched hut some over-mastered and besieged fugitives, who have taken refuge from their devilish fury ; some of the rebels set fire to the thatch, some throw torches into the windows, while others, with all their strength, hold closed the doors that the roasting may go on well within. Again, an unarmed man has been stabbed, and before his wife's eyes lies dead upon the earth ;

* Readers not yet past middle life may remember to have encountered such semi-savages at the times in view here, and known them for ruffians of the vilest sort, the terror of the countryside, the curse of police-courts, and infamous for their conduct, violence, and drunkenness. Owing to the extended use of machinery in farm operations these men are seldom seen nowadays in England. It is believed that with the "Biddies," or rough female house-servants to whom the once common advertisements used to refer with "No Irish need apply," these males have carried to the United States their turbulence, their savage ways, and too often beastly conduct. Such faces and figures as Cruikshank drew are to be seen in the early drawings of Leech and other satirists of the time ; when occasion calls Mr. Tenniel still delineates their baboon-like faces with muzzles and the eyes of sullen beasts of prey, and thus both these artists are witnesses to the veracity of Cruikshank.

she, bending over his body, curses the butchers who slew him, and who now look on as if they would kill her likewise, as they have killed the dog who lies at the side of his murdered master. Completely expressing the feeling of abhorrence above noted is the last example I shall select from this series; the murdering of a drummer-boy by six big Celts, who, without a moment's ruth, stick their pikes into his young body. This drawing, like the rest, contains some characteristic incidents, giving that grim comicality we call sardonic wit which Mr. Cruikshank delights in, and which is often mistaken for that wise because more thoughtful element, designated humour. The drummer has got his leg entangled in his stoven drum, and so stands helplessly trammelled; * he cannot fly, neither can he fight against six full-grown Celts. The intensity of feeling that lent zest to this design has, however, been kept so strongly within the bounds of probability that it is impossible to deny that such faces as these *might* belong to Irishmen, if for no other reason than that we still find them upon human forms. Such acts as the artist has shown give to his veracity a more terrible force, and cause the picture to create a horror ten times as hateful as that felt at sight of gorillas. Thus earnestly does Cruikshank throw himself into every question he touched.

"There is a vigorous though rude poetry about the intensity of feeling which made Mr. Cruikshank so earnest a champion in anything he undertook. This cast him body and soul into the 'total abstinence' scheme of reformation for drunkards. (See *The Worship of Bacchus*, and likewise a far better work, the well-known series called *The Bottle*, and its inferior sequel, *The Drunkard's Children*, in which last a good thing was run to

* The fact is—for the incident thus represented was a real one—the boy, finding himself a captive, and knowing what had been the fate of men, women, and children at the hands of the Irishry—crying that no rebel should beat his drum, jumped into and burst the head of it. He was incontinently stabbed by six patriots armed with pikes and enlisted under the "Green Flag of the Brave" as "Sons of Holy Erin."

death.) But, as was shown in the Irish Rebellion series, all that is expressed may be true—indeed much of it must be so—yet we feel that this is not all. At the best, stern vigour of reproduction, mere fidelity of expression and aptitude of illustration, even when directed to the most beneficent purposes of morality, as in *The Bottle*, or against merciless cowardice and beast-like cruelty, as in the pictures of Celtic gorillas, are not alone only partially true, and so far inefficient in bringing about the desired result; but they do not attest humour in the best sense of the term—and his possession or non-possession of that faculty has to be decided before we can fix the position that appears to us to be held by Cruikshank as an artist and a teacher.

“To say, as I have already said, that he takes his place as a teacher conscientiously in earnest, is to state what we could aver of few, either of this or any other day. In these vigorous, tragic, and poetic works of his, there is the grimmest truth in his portrayal of vile character, perfectly sustained dramatic incident, and unusually good technical art; yet, withal, little of that uncomic and thoughtful humour which is suggested to an educated audience by the mirror-like fidelity of Hogarth. They express so undisguisedly the crude facts, with such intensity of zest in the veracity of the representation, as representation, that the mind sickens and revolts at them.

“Of course, the observer's mind is stirred to anger against the savages, and the cry for justice may thus be made to hasten the coming of vengeance. The published narratives of the atrocities committed in 1871 by the Commune in Paris, had a like effect, and gave force to the call for that stern vengeance which was meted out to those rats of civilization and, for a time, stamped into the earth the villainy they represented.

“It may be urged that the appeal in the latter case was intended for an audience to whom sad familiarity had made such details and such expressions not hideous; while, as to the Irish shambling scenes, the ground must have been still hot, when those

designs were made, with the fire that had been trampled out so swiftly and so well.

"In addition to the great earnestness of feeling which has been pointed out, there is another kind of poetry in many of Mr. Cruikshank's works: a kind not seen in the examples above referred to. It is useless disguising the fact that most of us have more than a regard for Sir John Falstaff, and hold that man low who does not sincerely grieve at the death of Mrs. Quickly's patron. There is a representation of that event amongst Mr. Cruikshank's designs, which more than any other of his works gives him a title to be called a humorous artist. There is a tearful sort of pathos in the jest of that man's career (reprehensible character that he was), for the portrayal of which we Englishmen owe Shakespeare more than we shall ever pay by erecting statues, or sentimentally styling him a Swan. Falstaff's death is one of the wisest, as it is one of the tenderest, things man has conceived, or Shakespeare written. That Mr. Cruikshank, feeling all this, should have represented this scene, and not in that miserable manner which makes men of feeling turn from a book illustrated in the modern fashion, but with all his art, heartily, is a fact not to be overlooked in weighing his merits as a designer. There is the old man in the bed, his scant, unhonoured hairs strewn the pillow, his face, not wholly in pain or horror, or a stolid blank, but turned to the light, as he 'babbled o' green fields.' One arm is over the sheets, the feet are stretched down. Mrs. Quickly, that fat, vain, but kindly woman, attests his death in the manner that we know. The face is admirably given. Best of all is the figure of Bardolph, who stands with his arms folded and shoulders up, labouring as with a sigh he was ashamed to own. Something of the ruffling strut is upon him yet, though over all his air, and evidently filling his besodden soul, are thoughts of what has gone before; clearly the heart-stricken speculation of a novel and intense impression. There, too, is Nyim's anxious way;



THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Engraved by George Cruikshank

Designed by George Cruikshank

the boy is looking on; upon the wall hangs a portrait of the Prince. I quote this as an example of the thoughtful poetry often to be seen in Mr. Cruikshank's works. Of gentler and simpler domestic sentiment there is a good deal which need not be pointed out.

"Mr. Cruikshank's feeling for the outrageous spirit of fun that overruns everything, and his comicality halting between caricature and humour, is nowhere better seen than in a wonderful design called *The Ghost Story*—as we read it, the story of a man who has seated himself in some long-haunted room, and receives—while his fire crackles on the hearth, for many a year disused—a visit from some of the chamber's old inhabitants: a ghastly crew! One, a lean, acrimonious, easily-irate ghost, squats, with arms a-kimbo, upon his once accustomed chair, and relates to the living inmate a tale of horror such as makes his very *queue* stand erect between his shoulders, his hands drop the pistol they had held, and himself sit rigid but for trembling under the eye of his grim tormentor. What a strange company that of men and women, the grisly folk who stand behind the story-teller!—what bones they show!—what a mere spinal column is the waist of that long-faded virgin who appears with her lean hands folded so grimly before her waist! There is likewise an awful spectre of a cat, just substantial enough for the light not to shine through her, but so fearfully emaciated—having no ghosts of mice to feed on—that, as she squats, the very bones of her tail coil upon the floor like a knotted stick. Note, too, the ghastly white fire that lies so deep in those dreadful eyes she turns upon the horror-stricken dog, who, all a-heap, trembles from nose to tail as he is rooted by his master's feet.

"*Jack o' Lantern* is one of the artist's best designs of the grotesque sort—a gaunt and leathery goblin, solidly black in the darkness that his white light makes visible, hovering over a pool as he slides, mysterious as terrible, between its long bulrushes, and turning his face, grins a funless grin at us. Overhead it is

starless black night down to the faintly-lighted horizon that closes in so near the desolate place of the furtive goblin. In looking at this astonishing piece of imagination it is impossible not to regret that Cruikshank has not given light and life to some of the Scandinavian legends of Nixies, Vætter, Noks, Elf-Folk, and, what would probably suit him better, some of the Netherlandish legends of Kaboutermannekens, or the Devil of the wild heaths, Kludde."

With regard to the private life, adventures, and ups and downs of fortune of our subject, it is not within my province to deal, except in the briefest way and, as before, incidentally as concerned his art and genius. Of his early life I have written enough. We know that while quite a boy he worked hard for his father; that he was ill-paid goes without saying; but, except through his own extravagance and recklessness of economy, he was never really what people call in "poverty," or deeply impecunious, until he had far passed middle life, when work went to younger hands than his; the taste of the day had then changed thoroughly, and Cruikshank's market was forestalled. Then indeed, and not once but several times, appeals were made in his behalf, and, on many sides frequently as well as liberally responded to. His hot and impatient nature, outspoken ways, and an over-sensitive temper brought him into predicaments which a more cautious man would have avoided with ease. He was in hot water with Dickens, Ainsworth, and others with whom it was his interest as it must have been his pleasure to work harmoniously. He fell out with publishers, some of whom he suspected of attempts to overreach him or undervalue his art. With Bentley he was at one time at daggers drawn, and Cuthbert Bede has told us that "the secession of Cruikshank from the 'Miscellany' made room for John Leech."

Notwithstanding all this, it was on one of these occasions, when friends' help was asked for the then aged artist, calculated

that from his earnings alone, his income had, during a long series of years, been very good indeed for a man whose domestic ways were not more ambitious than his origin demanded. His quarrel with Ainsworth and Mr. B. Jerrold showed a lamentable misfortune brought on by the artist, and pursued with vehemence and wild statements which could not be justified. "Temper" was the cause of all these explosions. With the commercial failure of *The Omnibus* in 1842 the tide of Cruikshank's fortunes began to ebb, but if it did not stop, the falling stream moved slowly, and it was long before the shoals beneath the surface became visible.

It is said that, displeased by some personalities in 'Punch,' then in its palmy days, and being mindful of the error which had alienated "Dickey" Doyle, and thus deprived the publication of his support, by no means likely to exceed in that respect, Cruikshank, although pressed by its able original editor to draw for what was then called "our facetious contemporary," strenuously refused, even on his own terms, to do so. Mark Lemon said to him, "We shall have you yet." George shouted in reply, striking one of his theatrical attitudes, "NEVER!" A more generous, rashly benevolent man than our subject never existed; rather than not help a friend, or even an acquaintance he esteemed, the artist, if he had no money of his own, would borrow in order to lend.

Dickens told a capital, heart-warming story of Cruikshank's attempt to obtain from him a loan to be lent again. Dickens's description of an imaginary interview of "George" and Mrs. Gamp at a railway-station when that illustrious female was going to Manchester, is one of the funniest things of the kind. One of the best likenesses of him is by Maclise, and shows him when still young seated on a beer-barrel, and furtively sketching a "character." No better or truer portrait of him exists than that of the *Triumph of Cupid*, which was made for 'The Table Book,' and represents the artist seated smoking

and musing before his own fire, while scores of quaint and fanciful figures "thick as motes in a sunbeam" floating about his head indicate the nature of his fancies, and show the sprites of his imagination. His custom of making sketches on his thumbnail of faces, figures, and incidents intended for future use was well known, and is often alluded to in accounts of his ways and doings. Hogarth did the like. When he abandoned the use of spirits, wine, and beer, which was in 1842, not long before *The Bottle* was designed, he threw away his pipe and smoked no more. After this, with the superabundant zeal of a convert, he denounced everybody who either drank or smoked; he lectured on "total abstinence," and with undeviating courage and persistency urged the cause of "Temperance" both in and out of season. His passion for "Temperance" was of course intemperate. It found expression in hundreds of etchings, cuts, drawings, and pictures; in urgent discourses and appeals to every one he could get to listen. His "Temperance" friends honoured him accordingly, and admitted his name to the foremost roll of their prophets. He lost much employment because of this fanaticism, but this neither mitigated his ardour nor moderated his speech. He—having been a boon companion of a very uproarious and entirely reckless kind, devoted to the "glass," or rather to the tumbler—suddenly, and with characteristic energy, became an entire teetotaler and violent opponent of practices which he had till then been devoted to. In his eighty-third year he boasted that for twenty-seven years he had drank no alcoholic liquors. To this he attributed his long life and the excellent health which gave him happiness and left him energy during many years when ordinary constitutions have succumbed to the assaults of time; he could hold in his steady outstretched palm a brimful glass of water and spill not a drop; he was seen to dance a hornpipe when more than eighty years of age; and until quite late in life he walked like a man still young.

It is an amazing fact that in 1853, when he was sixty years old, he entered as a Probationer in the Royal Academy Antique School, and actually, in order to improve his draughtsmanship, drew there for a time; but he never passed into the Life School of that institution. He was among the earliest recipients of one of the pensions of £50 a year, from the Turner Annuity Fund, which is administered by the Royal Academy.

One of the great events of his life was the opening of the Cruikshank Exhibition at Exeter Hall, in November 1862, of which the catalogue, a page in 'The Weekly Record,' lies before me, and mentions one hundred and forty-seven groups of works and single examples, besides *The Worship of Bacchus*. In 1875 a committee of his friends, in order to provide funds for the benefit of the artist, formed a much larger collection of pictures of all kinds; the eleven hundred specimens were offered at £3000. Ultimately they passed to the Westminster Aquarium Company. Scarcely anybody went to see the gathering in Exeter Hall, so completely had the ardent reformer and brilliant satirist passed out of the public view, and gone beyond the popular care or heed. In 1867 a testimonial was got up for his benefit, and about a thousand pounds procured for him. *The Triumph of Bacchus* was bought on another occasion for £400, and more (I do not know how much), and deposited at South Kensington. The Civil List furnished a pension to the artist of £95 a year. In 1876 the purchase of the Cruikshank Collection was completed by the Aquarium Company, and the owner received £2500 with a survivorship life-annuity of £35 for himself and his wife. The closing period of his long and invaluable career was marked by impecuniosity rather than direct poverty; in fact, many kindly efforts such as those above-named prevented him from experiencing the worst troubles of indigence. He died, where he had long lived,

at his house in the Hampstead Road, on the 1st of February, 1878, and in the following November his remains were finally and very fittingly deposited in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. There let him rest in peace.

F. G. STEPHENS.

We extract the following notice of Cruikshank's Death and Funeral from the excellent biography, 'THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,' by Blanchard Jerrold, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

George Cruikshank fell ill in the first month of 1878, and was attended by his sympathetic and distinguished friend, Dr. B. W. Richardson.

He died at his house in the Hampstead Road, on the 1st of February. He was buried temporarily—the Crypt of St. Paul's being under repair—at Kensal Green. The only member of the Royal Academy who attended his funeral was Charles Landseer, R.A., who was almost as old as Cruikshank. But Messrs. Tenniel and Du Maurier were there, with poor W. Brunton, a clever caricaturist, who was to fall in his youth. Cruikshank's friend, George Augustus Sala, and Lord Houghton, were among his pall-bearers; and in the group about the coffin were Edmund Yates, S. C. Hall, General M'Murdo, and John Sheehan, the "Irish Whiskey-drinker."

On the 29th of the following November, a hearse, followed by a mourning-coach containing Mrs. George Cruikshank, conveyed the mortal part of the illustrious artist to St. Paul's, and four sergeants of the volunteer corps which

he had commanded brought up the procession. The coffin was silently lowered to its final resting place immediately after the afternoon service.

The following is the inscription over the grave :

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,
ARTIST,
DESIGNER, ETCHER, PAINTER.

Born at No. —, Duke Street, St. George's, Bloomsbury, London,
on September 27th, 1792.

Died at 263, Hampstead Road, St. Pancras, London,
on February 1st, 1878,
AGED 86 YEARS.

In memory of his Genius and his Art.
His matchless Industry and worthy Work
For all his fellow-men ; This monument
Is humbly placed within this sacred Fane,
By her who loved him best, his widowed wife.

ELIZA CRUIKSHANK.

Feb. 9th, 1880.

[*Mrs. Cruikshank died Dec. 13, 1890.*]

AN
ESSAY ON THE GENIUS
OF
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

BY
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

REPRINTED
FROM *THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW* OF JUNE 1840



BRAVE TOBY PHILPOT.

From Three Courses and a Dessert.

ON THE GENIUS OF
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

ACCUSATIONS of ingratitude, and just accusations no doubt, are made against every inhabitant of this wicked world, and the fact is, that a man who is ceaselessly engaged in its trouble and turmoil, borne hither and thither upon the fierce waves of the crowd, bustling, shifting, struggling to keep himself somewhat above water—fighting for reputation, or more likely for bread, and ceaselessly occupied to-day with plans for appeasing the eternal appetite of inevitable hunger to-morrow—a man in such straits has hardly time to think of anything but himself, and, as in a sinking ship, must make his own rush for the boats, and fight, struggle, and trample for safety. In the midst of such a combat as this, the “ingenuous arts, which prevent the ferocity of the manners, and act upon them as an emollient” (as the philosophic bard remarks in the Latin Grammar), are likely to be jostled to death, and then forgotten. The world will allow no such compromises between it and that which does not belong to it—no two gods must we serve; but (as one has seen in some old portraits) the horrible glazed eyes of Necessity are always fixed upon you; fly away as you will, black Care sits behind you, and with his ceaseless gloomy croaking drowns the voice

of all more cheerful companions. Happy he whose fortune has placed him where there is calm and plenty, and who has the wisdom not to give up his quiet in quest of visionary gain.

Here is, no doubt, the reason why a man, after the period of his boyhood, or first youth, makes so few friends. Want and ambition (new acquaintances which are introduced to him along with his beard) thrust away all other society from him. Some old friends remain, it is true, but these are become as a habit—a part of your selfishness—and, for new ones, they are selfish as you are; neither member of the new partnership has the capital of affection and kindly feeling, or can even afford the time that is requisite for the establishment of the new firm. Damp and chill the shades of the prison-house begin to close round us, and that “vision splendid” which has accompanied our steps in our journey daily farther from the east, fades away and dies into the light of common day.

And what a common day! what a foggy, dull, shivering apology for light is this kind of muddy twilight through which we are about to tramp and flounder for the rest of our existence, wandering farther and farther from the beauty and freshness and from the kindly gushing springs of clear gladness that made all around us green in our youth! One wanders and gropes in a slough of stock-jobbing, one sinks or rises in a storm of politics, and in either case it is as good to fall as to rise—to mount a bubble on the crest of the wave, as to sink a stone to the bottom.

The reader who has seen the name affixed to the head of this article did scarcely expect to be entertained with a declamation upon ingratitude, youth, and the vanity of human pursuits, which may seem at first sight to have little to do with the subject in hand. But (although we reserve the privilege of discoursing upon whatever subject shall suit us, and by no means admit the public has any right to ask in our sentences for any meaning, or any connection whatever) it happens that, in this particular

instance, there is an undoubted connection. In Susan's case, as recorded by Wordsworth, what connection had the corner of Wood Street with a mountain ascending, a vision of trees, and a nest by the Dove? Why should the song of a thrush cause bright volumes of vapour to glide through Lothbury, and a river to flow on through the vale of Cheapside? As she stood at that corner of Wood Street, a mop and a pail in her hand most likely, she heard the bird singing, and straightway began pining and yearning for the days of her youth, forgetting the proper business of the pail and mop. Even so we are moved by the sight of some of Mr. Cruikshank's works—the "busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert," the "schwankende gestalten" of youth flit before one again,—Cruikshank's thrush begins to pipe and carol, as in the days of boyhood; hence misty moralities, reflections, and sad and pleasant remembrances arise. He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not read all the story-books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forego tarts, in order to buy his *Breaking-up*, or his *Fashionable Monstrosities* of the year eighteen hundred and something? Have we not before us, at this very moment, a print,—one of the admirable *Illustrations of Phrenology*,—which entire work was purchased by a joint-stock company of boys, each drawing lots afterwards for the separate prints, and taking his choice in rotation? The writer of this, too, had the honour of drawing the first lot, and seized immediately upon *Philoprogenitiveness*—a marvellous print (our copy is not at all improved by being coloured, which operation we performed on it ourselves)—a marvellous print, indeed,—full of ingenuity and fine jovial humour. A father, possessor of an enormous nose and family, is surrounded by the latter who are, some of them, embracing the former. The composition writhes and twists about like the Kermes of Rubens. No less than seven little men and women in night-caps, in frocks, in bibs, in breeches, are clambering about the head, knees, and arms of the man with the nose; their noses, too, are preternaturally

developed—the twins in the cradle have noses of the most considerable kind ; the second daughter, who is watching them ; the youngest but two, who sits squalling in a certain wicker chair ; the eldest son, who is yawning ; the eldest daughter, who is preparing with the gravy of two mutton chops a savoury dish of Yorkshire pudding for eighteen persons ; the youths who are examining her operations (one a literary gentleman, in a remarkably neat night-cap and pinafore, who has just had his



CADDY CUDDLE'S NOSE.

finger in the pudding) ; the genius who is at work on the slate, and the two honest lads who are hugging the good-humoured washerwoman, their mother,—all, all save this worthy woman, have noses of the largest size. Not handsome certainly are they, and yet everybody must be charmed with the picture. It is full of grotesque beauty. The artist has at the back of his own skull, we are certain, a huge bump of philoprogenitiveness. He loves children in his heart ; every one of those he has drawn is perfectly happy and jovial, and affectionate, and innocent as

possible. He makes them with large noses, but he loves them, and you always find something kind in the midst of his humour, and the ugliness redeemed by a sly touch of beauty. The smiling mother reconciles one with all the hideous family; they have all something of the mother in them—something kind, and generous, and tender.

Knight's, in Sweeting's Alley; Fairburn's, in a court off Ludgate Hill; Hone's, in Fleet Street—bright, enchanted palaces, which George Cruikshank used to people with grinning, fantastical imps, and merry, harmless sprites,—where are they? Fairburn's shop knows him no more; not only has Knight disappeared from Sweeting's Alley, but, as we are given to understand, Sweeting's Alley has disappeared from the face of the globe—Slop, the atrocious Castlereagh, the sainted Caroline (in a tight pelisse, with feathers in her head), the "Dandy of sixty," who used to glance at us from Hone's friendly windows—where are they? Mr. Cruikshank may have drawn a thousand better things, since the days when these were; but they are to us a thousand times more pleasing than anything else he has done. How we used to believe in them? to stray miles out of the way on holidays, in order to ponder for an hour before that delightful window in Sweeting's Alley! in walks through Fleet Street, to vanish abruptly down Fairburn's passage, and there make one at his charming "gratis" exhibition. There used to be a crowd round the window in those days of grinning good-natured mechanics, who spelt the songs, and spoke them out for the benefit of the company, and who received the points of humour with a general sympathizing roar. Where are these people now? You never hear any laughing at H. B.; his pictures are a great deal too genteel for that—polite points of wit, which strike one as exceedingly clever and pretty, and cause one to smile in a quiet, gentleman-like kind of way.

There must be no smiling with Cruikshank. A man who does not laugh outright is a dullard, and has no heart; even the

old Dandy of sixty must have laughed at his own wondrous grotesque image, as they say Louis Philippe did, who saw all the caricatures that were made of himself. And there are some of Cruikshank's designs, which have the blessed faculty of creating laughter as often as you see them. As Diggory says in the play, who is bidden by his master not to laugh while waiting at table—"Don't tell the story of Grouse in the Gun-room, master, or I can't help laughing." Repeat that history ever so often, and at the proper moment, honest Diggory is sure to explode. Every man, no doubt, who loves Cruikshank has his Grouse in the Gun-room. There is a fellow in the 'Points of Humour' who is offering to eat up a certain little general, that has made us happy any time these sixteen years; his huge mouth is a perpetual well of laughter—buckets full of fun can be drawn from it. We have formed no such friendships as that boyish one of the man with the mouth. But though, in our eyes, Mr. Cruikshank reached his *apogée* some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such is really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith. It is not the artist who fails, but the men who grow cold—the men, from whom the illusions (why illusions? realities) of youth disappear one by one; who have no leisure to be happy, no blessed holidays, but only fresh cares at Midsummer and Christmas, being the inevitable seasons which bring us bills instead of pleasures. Tom, who comes bounding home from school, has the doctor's account in his trunk, and his father goes to sleep at the pantomime to which he takes him. *Pater infelix*, you too have laughed at clown, and the magic wand of spangled harlequin; what delightful enchantment did it wave around you, in the golden days "when George the Third was king!" But our clown lies in his grave; and our harlequin, Ellar, prince of how many enchanted islands, was he not at Bow Street the other day, at Bow Street, in his dirty, tattered, faded motley—seized

as a law-breaker, for acting at a penny theatre, after having well-nigh starved in the streets, where nobody would listen to his old guitar? No one gave a shilling to bless him; not one of us who owe him so much.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank will be very well pleased at finding his name in such company as that of Clown and Harlequin; but he, like them, is certainly the children's friend. His drawings abound in feeling for these little ones, and hideous, as in the course of his duty, he is from time to time compelled to design them, he never sketches one without a certain pity for it, and imparting to the figure a certain grotesque grace. In happy school-boys he revels; plum-pudding and holidays his needle has engraved over and over again;—there is a design in one of the comic almanacs of some young gentlemen who are employed in administering to a schoolfellow the correction of the pump, which is as graceful and elegant as a drawing of Stothard. Dull books about children George Cruikshank makes bright with illustrations—there is one published by the ingenious and opulent Mr. Tegg, of Cheapside, from which we should have been charmed to steal a few wood-cuts. It is entitled 'Mirth and Morality,' the mirth being, for the most part, on the side of the designer—the morality, unexceptionable certainly, the author's capital. Here are then, to these moralities, a smiling train of mirths supplied by George Cruikshank—see yonder little fellows butterfly-hunting across a common! Such a light, brisk, airy, gentleman-like drawing was never made upon such a theme. Who, cries the author—

“Who has not chased the butterfly,
And crushed its slender legs and wings,
And heaved a moralizing sigh;
Alas! how frail are human things?”

A very unexceptionable morality truly; but it would have puzzled another than George Cruikshank to make mirth out of it as he

has done. Away, surely not on the wings of these verses, Cruikshank's imagination begins to soar; and he makes us three darling little men on a green common, backed by old farm-houses, somewhere about May. A great mixture of blue and clouds in the air, a strong fresh breeze stirring, Tom's jacket flapping in the same, in order to bring down the insect queen or king of spring that is fluttering above him,—he renders all this with a few strokes on a little block of wood not two inches square, upon which one may gaze for hours, so merry and life-like a scene does it present. What a charming creative power is this, what a privilege—to be a god, and create little worlds upon paper, and whole generations of smiling, jovial men, women, and children half-inch high, whose portraits are carried abroad, and have the faculty of making us monsters of six feet curious and happy in our turn. Now, who would imagine that an artist could make anything of such a subject as this? The writer begins by stating—

“I love to go back to the days of my youth,
And to reckon my joys to the letter,
And to count o'er the friends that I have in the world,
Ay, and those who are gone to a better.”

This brings him to the consideration of his uncle. “Of all the men I have ever known,” says he, “my uncle united the greatest degree of cheerfulness with the sobriety of manhood. Though a man when I was a boy, he was yet one of the most agreeable companions I ever possessed. . . . He embarked for America, and nearly twenty years passed by before he came back again; . . . but oh, how altered!—he was in every sense of the word an old man, his body and mind were enfeebled, and second childishness had come upon him. How often have I bent over him, vainly endeavouring to recall to his memory the scenes we had shared together, and how frequently, with an aching heart, have I gazed on his vacant and lustreless eye while he has amused himself in

clapping his hands, and singing with a quavering voice a verse of a psalm." Alas! such are the consequences of long residences in America, and of old age even in uncles! Well, the point of this morality is, that the uncle one day in the morning of life vowed that he would catch his two nephews and tie them together, ay, and actually did so, for all the efforts the rogues made to run away from him; but he was so fatigued that he declared he never would make the attempt again, whereupon the nephew remarks,—“Often since then, when engaged in enterprises beyond my strength, have I called to mind the determination of my uncle.”

Does it not seem impossible to make a picture out of this? And yet George Cruikshank has produced a charming design, in which the uncle and nephews are so prettily portrayed that one is reconciled to their existence, with all their moralities. Many more of the mirths in this little book are excellent, especially a great figure of a parson entering church on horseback—an enormous parson truly, calm, unconscious, unwieldy. As Zeuxis had a bevy of virgins in order to make his famous picture—his express virgin, a clerical host, must have passed under Cruikshank's eyes before he sketched this little, enormous parson of parsons.

Being on the subject of children's books, how shall we enough praise the delightful German nursery-tales, and Cruikshank's illustrations of them? We coupled his name with pantomime awhile since, and sure never pantomimes were more charming than these. Of all the artists that ever drew, from Michael Angelo upwards and downwards, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful. May all Mother Bunch's collection be similarly indebted to him; may 'Jack the Giant Killer,' may 'Tom Thumb,' may 'Puss in Boots,' be one day revived by his pencil. Is not Whittington sitting yet on Highgate Hill, and poor Cinderella (in that sweetest of

all fairy stories) still pining in her lonely chimney nook? A man who has a true affection for these delightful companions of his youth is bound to be grateful to them if he can, and we pray Mr. Cruikshank to remember them.

It is folly to say that this or that kind of humour is too good for the public, that only a chosen few can relish it. The best humour that we know of has been as eagerly received by the public as by the most delicate connoisseur. There is hardly a man in England who can read but will laugh at Falstaff and the humour of Joseph Andrews; and honest Mr. Pickwick's story can be felt and loved by any person above the age of six. Some may have a keener enjoyment of it than others, but all the world can be merry over it, and is always ready to welcome it. The best criterion of good humour is success, and what a share of this has Mr. Cruikshank had! how many millions of mortals has he made happy! We have heard very profound persons talk philosophically of the marvellous and mysterious manner in which he has suited himself to the time—*fait vibrer la fibre populaire* (as Napoleon boasted of himself), supplied a peculiar want felt at a peculiar period, the simple secret of which is, as we take it, that he, living amongst the public, has with them a general wide-hearted sympathy, that he laughs at what they laugh at, that he has a kindly spirit of enjoyment, with not a morsel of mysticism in his composition; that he pities and loves the poor, and jokes at the follies of the great, and that he addresses all in a perfectly sincere and manly way. To be greatly successful as a professional humorist, as in any other calling, a man must be quite honest, and show that his heart is in his work. A bad preacher will get admiration and a hearing with this point in his favour, where a man of three times his acquirements will only find indifference and coldness. Is any man more remarkable than our artist for telling the truth after his own manner? Hogarth's honesty of purpose was as conspicuous in an earlier time, and we fancy that Gillray would have been far more successful and

more powerful but for that unhappy bribe, which turned the whole course of his humour into an unnatural channel. Cruikshank would not for any bribe say what he did not think, or lend his aid to sneer down anything meritorious, or to praise any thing or person that deserved censure. When he levelled his wit against the Regent, and did his very prettiest for the Princess, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of the people whom he represents, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness's innocence? Cruikshank could not stand by and see a woman ill-used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belabouring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining, from pure sympathy and indignation, that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully.

To be sure we have never heard so much from Mr. Cruikshank's own lips, but any man who will examine these odd drawings, which first made him famous, will see what an honest, hearty hatred the champion of woman has for all who abuse her, and will admire the energy with which he flings his wood-blocks at all who side against her. Canning, Castlereagh, Bexley, Sidmouth, he is at them, one and all; and as for the Prince, up to what a whipping-post of ridicule did he tie that unfortunate old man! And do not let squeamish Tories cry out about disloyalty; if the crown does wrong, the crown must be corrected by the nation, out of respect, of course, for the crown. In those days, and by those people who so bitterly attacked the son, no word was ever breathed against the father, simply because he was a good husband, and a sober, thrifty, pious, orderly man.

This attack upon the Prince Regent we believe to have been Mr. Cruikshank's only effort as a party politician. Some early manifestoes against Napoleon we find, it is true, done in the

regular John Bull style, with the Gillray model for the little upstart Corsican ; but as soon as the Emperor had yielded to stern fortune our artist's heart relented (as Béranger's did on the other side of the water), and many of our readers will doubtless recollect a fine drawing of *Louis XVI. trying on Napoleon's Boots*, which did not certainly fit the gouty son of Saint Louis. Such satirical hits as these, however, must not be considered as political, or as anything more than the expression of the artist's national British idea of Frenchmen.

It must be confessed that for that great nation Mr. Cruikshank entertains a considerable contempt. Let the reader examine the 'Life in Paris,' or the five hundred designs in which Frenchmen are introduced, and he will find them almost invariably thin, with ludicrous spindle-shanks, pigtailed, outstretched hands, shrugging shoulders, and queer hair and moustachios. He has the British idea of a Frenchman ; and if he does not believe that the inhabitants of France are for the most part dancing-masters and barbers, yet takes care to depict such in preference, and would not speak too well of them. It is curious how these traditions endure. In France, at the present moment, the Englishman on the stage is the caricatured Englishman at the time of the war, with a shock red head, a long white coat, and invariable gaiters. Those who wish to study this subject should peruse Monsieur Paul de Kock's histories of Lord *Boulingrog* and Lady *Crockmilore*. On the other hand the old *émigré* has taken his station amongst us, and we doubt if a good British Gallery would understand that such and such a character *was* a Frenchman unless he appeared in the ancient traditional costume.

A curious book called 'Life in Paris,' published in 1822, contains a number of the artist's plates in the aquatint style ; and though we believe he had never been in that capital, the designs have a great deal of life in them, and pass muster very well. We had thoughts of giving a few copies of French heads from this book and others, which would amply show Mr. Cruikshank's

anti-Gallican spirit. A villainous race of shoulder-shrugging mortals are his Frenchmen indeed. And the heroes of the tale, a certain Mr. Dick Wildfire, Squire Jenkins, and Captain O'Shuffleton, are made to show the true British superiority on every occasion when Britons and French are brought together. This book was one among the many that the designer's genius has caused to be popular; the plates are not carefully executed, but, being coloured, have a pleasant, lively look. The same style was adopted in the once famous book called 'Tom and Jerry, or Life in London,' which must have a word of notice here, for, although by no means Mr. Cruikshank's best work, his reputation was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished, while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages, that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens's pen.

As for Tom and Jerry, to show the mutability of human affairs and the evanescent nature of reputation, we have been to the British Museum, and no less than five circulating libraries in quest of the book, and 'Life in London,' alas, is not to be found at any one of them. We can only, therefore, speak of the work from recollection, but have still a very clear remembrance of the leather gaiters of Jerry Hawthorn, the green spectacles of Logic, and the hooked nose of Corinthian Tom. They were the schoolboy's delight; and in the days when the work appeared we firmly believed the three heroes above-named to be types of the most elegant, fashionable young fellows the town afforded, and thought their occupations and amusements were those of all high-bred English gentlemen. Tom knocking down the watchman at Temple Bar; Tom and Jerry dancing at Almack's, or flirting in the saloon at the theatre; at the night-houses after the play; at Tom Cribb's, examining the silver cup then in the possession of that champion; at Bob Logic's chambers, where, if we mistake not, "Corinthian Kate" was at a cabinet piano,

singing a song ; ambling gallantly in Rotten Row ; or examining the poor fellow at Newgate who was having his chains knocked off before hanging ; all these scenes remain indelibly engraved upon the mind, and so far we are independent of all the circulating libraries in London.

As to the literary contents of the book, they have passed sheer away. It was, most likely, not particularly refined ; nay, the chances are that it was absolutely vulgar. But it must have had some merit of its own, that is clear ; it must have given striking descriptions of life in some part or other of London, for all London read it, and went to see it in its dramatic shape. The artist, it is said, wished to close the career of the three heroes by bringing them all to ruin, but the writer, or publishers, would not allow any such melancholy subjects to dash the merriment of the public, and we believe Tom, Jerry, and Logic were married off at the end of the tale, as if they had been the most moral personages in the world. There is some goodness in this pity, which authors and the public are disposed to show towards certain agreeable, disreputable characters of romance. Who would mar the prospects of honest Roderick Random, or Charles Surface, or Tom Jones ? only a very stern moralist indeed. And in regard of Jerry Hawthorn and that hero without a surname, Corinthian Tom, Mr. Cruikshank, we make little doubt, was glad in his heart that he was not allowed to have his own way.

Soon after the 'Tom and Jerry' and the 'Life in Paris,' Mr. Cruikshank produced a much more elaborate set of prints, in a work which was called 'Points of Humour.' These 'Points' were selected from various comic works, and did not, we believe, extend beyond a couple of numbers, containing about a score of copper-plates. The collector of humorous designs cannot fail to have them in his portfolio, for they contain some of the very best efforts of Mr. Cruikshank's genius, and though not quite so highly laboured as some of his later productions, are none the

worse, in our opinion, for their comparative want of finish. All the effects are perfectly given, and the expression as good as it could be in the most delicate engraving upon steel. The artist's style, too, was then completely formed; and, for our part, we should say that we preferred his manner of 1825 to any other which he has adopted since. The first picture, which is called *The Point of Honour*, illustrates the old story of the officer who, on being accused of cowardice for refusing to fight a duel, came among his brother officers and flung a lighted grenade down upon the floor, before which his comrades fled ignominiously. This design is capital, and the outward rush of heroes, walking, trampling, twisting, scuffling at the door, is in the best style of the grotesque. You see but the back of most of these gentlemen, into which, nevertheless, the artist has managed to throw an expression of ludicrous agony that one could scarcely have expected to find in such a part of the human figure. The next plate is not less good. It represents a couple who, having been found one night tipsy, and lying in the same gutter, were, by a charitable though misguided gentleman, supposed to be man and wife, and put comfortably to bed together. The morning came; fancy the surprise of this interesting pair when they awoke and discovered their situation. Fancy the manner, too, in which Cruikshank has depicted them, to which words cannot do justice. It is needless to state that this fortuitous and temporary union was followed by one more lasting and sentimental, and that these two worthy persons were married, and lived happily ever after.

We should like to go through every one of these prints. There is the jolly miller, who returning home at night, calls upon his wife to get him a supper, and falls to upon rashers of bacon and ale. How he gormandizes, that jolly miller! rasher after rasher, how they pass away frizzling and smoking from the gridiron down that immense grinning gulf of a mouth. Poor wife! how she pines and frets at that untimely hour of midnight

to be obliged to fry, fry, fry perpetually, and minister to the monster's appetite. And yonder in the clock, what agonized face is that we see? By heavens, it is the squire of the parish. What business has he there? Let us not ask. Suffice it to say, that he has, in the hurry of the moment, left up-stairs his br——; his—psha! a part of his dress, in short, with a number of bank-notes in the pockets. Look in the next page, and you will see



AN IRISH ROW.

the ferocious, bacon-devouring ruffian of a miller is actually causing this garment to be carried through the village and cried by the town-crier. And we blush to be obliged to say that the demoralized miller never offered to return the bank-notes, although he was so mighty scrupulous in endeavouring to find an owner for the corduroy portfolio in which he had found them.

Passing from this painful subject, we come, we regret to state,

to a series of prints representing personages not a whit more moral. Burns's famous 'Jolly Beggars' have all had their portraits drawn by Cruikshank. There is the lovely "hempen widow," quite as interesting and romantic as the famous Mrs. Shephard, who has at the lamented demise of her husband adopted the very same consolation.

"My curse upon them every one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman ;
And now a widow, I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return ;
No comfort but a hearty can
When I think on John Highlandman."

Sweet "raucle carlin," she has none of the sentimentality of the English highwayman's lady ; but being wooed by a tinker and

"A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd to trystes and fairs to driddle,"

prefers the practical to the merely musical man. The tinker sings with a noble candour, worthy of a fellow of his strength of body and station in life—

"My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
A tinker is my station ;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron ;
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
To go an' clout the caudron."

It was his ruling passion. What was military glory to him, forsooth? He had the greatest contempt for it, and loved freedom and his copper kettle a thousand times better—a kind of hardware Diogenes. Of fiddling he has no better opinion. The picture represents the "sturdy caird" taking "poor gut-

scraper" by the beard, — drawing his "roosty rapier" and swearing to "speet him like a pliver" unless he would relinquish the bonnie lassie for ever.

"Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 An' so the quarrel ended."

Hark how the tinker apostrophizes the violinist, stating to the widow at the same time the advantages which she might expect from an alliance with himself—

"Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and caperin' ;
 And take a share with those that bear
 The budget an' the apron !

And by that stowp, my faith an' houpe,
 An' by that dear Killbaigie !
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie."

Cruikshank's caird is a noble creature ; his face and figure show him to be fully capable of doing and saying all that is above written of him.

In the second part, the old tale of 'The Three Hunchbacked Fiddlers' is illustrated with equal felicity. The famous classical dinners and duel in 'Peregrine Pickle' are also excellent in their way ; and the connoisseur of prints and etchings may see in the latter plate, and in another in this volume, how great the artist's mechanical skill is as an etcher. The distant view of the city in the duel, and of a market-place in *The Quack Doctor*, are delightful specimens of the artist's skill in depicting buildings and backgrounds. They are touched with a grace, truth and dexterity of workmanship that leave nothing to desire. We have before mentioned the man with the mouth, which appears in this number, and should be glad to give a little vignette

emblematical of gout and indigestion, in which the artist has shown all the fancy of Callot. Little demons, with long saws for noses, are making dreadful incisions into the toes of the unhappy sufferer; some are bringing pans of hot coals to keep the wounded member warm; a huge, solemn nightmare sits on the invalid's chest, staring solemnly into his eyes; a monster, with a pair of drumsticks, is banging a devil's tattoo on his forehead; and a pair of imps are nailing great tenpenny nails into his hands to make his happiness complete.



THE CHOICE.

But though not able to seize upon all we wish, we have been able to provide a tolerably large Cruikshank gallery for the reader's amusement, and must hasten to show off our wares. Like the worthy who figures above, there is such a choice of pleasures here, that we are puzzled with which to begin.

The Cruikshank collector will recognize this old friend as coming from the late Mr. Clark's excellent work, 'Three Courses and a Dessert.' The work was published at a time when the rage for comic stories was not so great as it since has been, and

Messrs. Clark and Cruikshank only sold their hundreds where Messrs. Dickens and Phiz dispose of their thousands. But if our recommendation can in any way influence the reader, we would enjoin him to have a copy of the 'Three Courses,'* that contain some of the best designs of our artist, and some of the most amusing tales in our language. The invention of the pictures, for which Mr. Clark takes credit to himself, says a great deal for his wit and fancy. Can we, for instance, praise too highly the man who invented this wonderful oyster?



THE SMILING OYSTER.

Examine him well; his beard, his pearl, his little round stomach, and his sweet smile. Only oysters know how to smile in this way; cool, gentle, waggish, and yet inexpressibly innocent and winning. Dando himself must have allowed such an artless native to go free, and consigned him to the glassy, cool, translucent wave again.

In writing upon such subjects as these with which we have been furnished, it can hardly be expected that we should follow any fixed plan and order—we must therefore take such advantage as we may, and seize upon our subject when and wherever we can lay hold of him.

* 'Three Courses and a Dessert' is now published in Bohn's Library.

For Jews, sailors, Irishmen, Hessian boots, little boys, beadies, policemen, tall Life Guardsmen, charity children, pumps, dustmen, very short pantaloons, dandies in spectacles, and ladies with aquiline noses, remarkably taper waists, and wonderfully long ringlets, Mr. Cruikshank has a special predilection. The tribe of Israelites he has studied with amazing gusto; witness the Jew in Mr. Ainsworth's 'Jack Shephard,' and the immortal



SEIZING UPON A SUBJECT.

Fagin of 'Oliver Twist.' Whereabouts lies the comic *vis* in these persons and things? Why should a beadie be comic, and his opposite a charity boy? Why should a tall Life Guardsman have something in him essentially absurd? Why are short breeches more ridiculous than long? What is there particularly jocose about a pump, and wherefore does a long nose always provoke the beholder to laughter? These points may be metaphysically elucidated by those who list. It is probable that Mr.

Cruikshank could not give an accurate definition of that which is ridiculous in these objects, but his instinct has told him that fun lurks in them, and cold must be the heart that can pass by the pantaloons of his charity boys, the Hessian boots of his dandies, and the fan-tail hats of his dustmen, without respectful wonder.

We can submit to public notice a complete little gallery of dustmen. Here is, in the first place, the professional dustman, who, having in the enthusiastic exercise of his delightful trade laid hands upon property not strictly his own, is pursued, we



THE PROFESSIONAL DUSTMAN.

presume, by the right owner, from whom he flies as fast as his crooked shanks will carry him.

What a curious picture it is—the horrid rickety houses in some dingy suburb of London, the grinning cobbler, the smothered butcher, the very trees which are covered with dust—it is fine to look at the different expressions of the two interesting fugitives. The fiery charioteer who belabours yonder poor donkey has still a glance for his brother on foot, on whom punishment is about to descend. And not a little curious is it to think of the creative power of the man who has arranged this

little tale of low life. How logically it is conducted, how cleverly each one of the accessories is made to contribute to the effect of the whole. What a deal of thought and humour has the artist expended on this little block of wood; a large picture might have been painted out of the very same materials, which Mr. Cruikshank, out of his wondrous fund of merriment and observation, can afford to throw away upon a drawing not two inches long. From the practical dustman we pass to those purely poetical. Here are three of them who rise on clouds of their own raising, the very genii of the sack and shovel.

Is there no one to write a sonnet to these?—and yet a whole



GENII OF THE SACK AND SHOVEL.

poem was written about Peter Bell the Waggoner, a character by no means so poetic.

Gin has furnished many subjects to Mr. Cruikshank, who labours in his own sound and hearty way to teach his countrymen the dangers of that drink. In the 'Sketch-Book' is a plate upon the subject, remarkable for fancy and beauty of design; it is called the *Gin Juggernaut*, and represents a hideous moving palace, with a reeking still at the roof and vast gin-barrels for wheels, under which unhappy millions are crushed to death. An immense black cloud of desolation covers over the country through which the gin monster has passed, dimly

looming through the darkness whereof you see an agreeable prospect of gibbets with men dangling, burnt houses, &c. The vast cloud comes sweeping on in the wake of this horrible body-crusher; and you see, by way of contrast, a distant, smiling, sunshiny tract of old English country, where gin as yet is not known. The allegory is as good, as earnest, and as fanciful as one of John Bunyan's, and we have often fancied there was a similarity between the men.

The reader will examine the work called 'My Sketch-Book' with not a little amusement, and may gather from it, as we fancy, a good deal of information regarding the character of the individual man, George Cruikshank. What points strike his eye, as a painter; what move his anger or admiration as a moralist; what classes he seems most especially disposed to observe, and what to ridicule. There are quacks of all kinds, to whom he has a mortal hatred; quack dandies who assume under his pencil, perhaps in his eye, the most grotesque appearance possible—their hats grow larger, their legs infinitely more crooked and lean; the tassels of their canes swell out to a most preposterous size; the tails of their coats dwindle away, and finish where coat-tails generally begin. Let us lay a wager that Cruikshank, a man of the people if ever there was one, heartily hates and despises these supercilious, swaggering young gentlemen; and his contempt is not a whit the less laudable because there may be *tant soit peu* of prejudice in it. It is right and wholesome to scorn dandies, as Nelson said it was to hate Frenchmen: in which sentiment (as we have before said) George Cruikshank undoubtedly shares. Look at this fellow from the 'Sunday in London.'

Monsieur the Chef is instructing a kitchen-maid how to compound some rascally French kickshaw or the other—a pretty scoundrel truly! with what an air he wears that nightcap of his, and shrugs his lank shoulders, and chatters, and ogles, and grins: they are all the same, these mounseers; look at those other two

fellows—*morbleu!* one is putting his dirty fingers into the saucepan; there are frogs cooking in it, no doubt; and see, just over some other dish of abomination, another dirty rascal is taking snuff! Never mind, the sauce won't be hurt by a few ingredients more or less. Three such fellows as these are not worth one Englishman, that's clear. See, there is one in the very midst of them, the great burly fellow with the beef, he could beat all three in five minutes. We cannot be certain that such was the process going on in Mr. Cruikshank's mind when he made the design; but some feelings of the sort were no doubt entertained by him.

Against dandy footmen he is particularly severe. He hates idlers, pretenders, boasters, and punishes these fellows as best he may. Who does not recollect the famous picture, '*What is Taxes, Thomas?*' What is taxes indeed; well may that vast, over-fed, lounging flunky ask the question of his associate Thomas, and yet not well, for all that Thomas says in reply is, *I don't know*. "*O beati plushicolæ,*" what a charming state of ignorance is yours! In the '*Sketch-Book*' many footmen make their appearance: one is a huge fat Hercules of a Portman Square porter, who calmly surveys another poor fellow, a porter likewise, but out of livery, who comes staggering forward with a box that Hercules might lift with his little finger. Will Hercules do so? not he. The giant can carry nothing heavier than a cocked-hat note on a silver tray, and his labours are to walk from his sentry-box to the door, and from the door back to his sentry-box, and to read the Sunday paper, and to poke the hall fire twice or thrice, and to make five meals a day. Such a fellow does Cruikshank hate and scorn worse even than a Frenchman.

The man's master, too, comes in for no small share of our artist's wrath. See, here is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves

"MISERABLE SINNERS!"

Miserable sinners indeed! O what floods of turtle soup; what

tons of turbot and lobster-sauce must have been sacrificed to make those sinners properly miserable. My lady there with the ermine tippet and dragging feather, can we not see that she lives in Portland Place, and is the wife of an East India Director? She has been to the Opera over-night (indeed her husband, on her right, with his fat hand dangling over the pew-door, is at this minute thinking of Mademoiselle Léocadie, whom he saw behind the scenes)—she has been at the Opera over-night, which with a trifle of supper afterwards—a white-



MISERABLE SINNERS.

and-brown soup, a lobster-salad, some woodcocks, and a little champagne—sent her to bed quite comfortable. At half-past eight her maid brings her chocolate in bed, at ten she has fresh eggs and muffins, with, perhaps, a half hundred of prawns for breakfast, and so can get over the day and the sermon till lunch-time pretty well. What an odour of musk and bergamot exhales from the pew!—how it is wadded, and stuffed, and spangled over with brass nails! what hassocks are there for those who are not too fat to kneel! what a flustering and flapping of

gilt prayer-books ; and what a pious whirring of Bible-leaves one hears all over the church, as the doctor blandly gives out the text ! To be miserable at this rate you must, at the very least, have four thousand a year : and many persons are there so enamoured of grief and sin, that they would willingly take the risk of the misery to have a life-interest in the consols that accompany it, quite careless about consequences, and sceptical



BRITISH GRENADIERS.

as to the notion that a day is at hand when you must fulfil *your share of the bargain.*

Our artist loves to joke at a soldier ; in whose livery there appears to him to be something almost as ridiculous as in the uniform of the gentleman of the shoulder-knot. Tall Lifeguardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way. Here again we have the honest popular English feeling which jeers at pomp or pretension

of all kinds, and is especially jealous of all display of military authority. "Raw Recruit," ditto "dressed," ditto "served up," as we see them in the 'Sketch-Book,' are so many satires upon the army: Hodge with his ribbons flaunting in his hat, or with red coat and musket, drilled stiff and pompous, or that last, minus leg and arm, tottering about on crutches, do not fill our English artist with the enthusiasm that follows the soldier in every other part of Europe. Jeanjean, the conscript in France, is laughed at to be sure, but then it is because he is a bad soldier; when he comes to have a huge pair of moustachios and



IRISH MILITIAMAN.

the *croix-d'honneur* to *briller* on his *poitrine cicatrisée*, Jeanjean becomes a member of a class that is more respected than any other in the French nation. The veteran soldier inspires our people with no such awe—we hold that democratic weapon the fist in much more honour than the sabre and bayonet, and laugh at a man tricked out in scarlet and pipe-clay. Look at this regiment of heroes "marching to divine service," to the tune of the "British Grenadiers."

There they march in state, and a pretty contempt our artist

shows for all their gimcracks and trumpery. He has drawn a perfectly English scene—the little blackguard boys are playing pranks round about the men, and shouting “heads up, soldier,” “eyes right, lobster,” as little British urchins will do. Did one ever hear the like sentiments expressed in France? Shade of Napoleon, we insult you by asking the question. In England, however, see how different the case is: and designedly or undesignedly, the artist has opened to us a piece of his mind. Here is another picture [p. 96], in which the sentiment is much the same, only as in the former drawing we see Englishmen laughing at the troops of the line, here are Irishmen giggling at the militia.



AN IRISH ELECTION.

We have said that our artist has a great love for the drolleries of the Green Island. Would any one doubt what was the country of the merry fellows depicted in the above group?

“Place me amid O'Rourkes, O'Toolles,
The ragged, royal race of Tara;
Or place me where Dick Martin rules
The pathless wilds of Connemara.”

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank has ever had any such good

luck as to see the Irish in Ireland itself, but he certainly has obtained a knowledge of their looks, as if the country had been all his life familiar to him. Could Mr. O'Connell himself desire anything more national than this scene, or could Father Mathew have a better text to preach upon?

And with one more little Hibernian specimen we must bid farewell to Ireland altogether, having many other pictures in our gallery that deserve particular notice; and we give this, not so much for the comical look of poor Teague, who has been



THE WITCH'S STICK.

pursued and beaten by the witch's stick, but in order to point the singular neatness of the workmanship, and the pretty, fanciful little glimpse of landscape that the artist has introduced in the background.

Mr. Cruikshank has a fine eye for homely landscapes, and renders them with great delicacy and taste. Old villages, farm-yards, groups of stacks, queer chimneys, churches, gable-ended cottages, Elizabethan mansion-houses, and other old English scenes, he depicts with evident enthusiasm.

Famous books in their day were Cruikshank's 'John Gilpin' and 'Epping Hunt'; for though our artist does not draw horses very scientifically,—to use a phrase of the *atelier*,—he *feels* them very keenly; and his queer animals, after one is used to them, answer quite as well as better. Neither is he very happy in trees, and such rustical produce; or rather, we should say, he is very original, his trees being decidedly of his own make and composition, not imitated from any master. Here is a notable instance [p. 100].



AN IRISH DANCE.

Trees or horse-flesh, which is the worst? *ὀιηπερ φυλλων γεννη τοιηδε και ιππων*; it is impossible to say which is the most villainous.

But what then? Suppose yonder horned animal near the post-chaise has not a very bovine look, it matters not the least. Can a man be supposed to imitate everything? We know what the noblest study of mankind is, and to this Mr. Cruikshank has confined himself. Look at that postilion; the people in the broken-down chaise are roaring after him: he is as deaf as the

post by which he passes. Suppose all the accessories were away, could not one swear that the man was stone-deaf, beyond the reach of trumpet? What is the peculiar character in a deaf man's physiognomy?—can any person define it satisfactorily in words?—not in pages, and Mr. Cruikshank has expressed it on a piece of paper not so big as the tenth part of your thumb-nail.



THE DEAF POST-BOY.

The horses of John Gilpin are much more of the equestrian order, and as here the artist has only his favourite suburban buildings to draw, not a word is to be said against his design. The inn and old buildings in this cut are charmingly designed, and nothing can be more prettily or playfully touched.

“ ‘Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!’

Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

“ And now the turnpike gates again

Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.”

The rush, and shouting, and clatter are here excellently depicted



JOHN GILPIN RODE A RACE.

by the artist: and we, who have been scoffing at his manner of designing animals, must here make a special exception in favour of the hens and chickens; each has a different action, and is curiously natural.

Happy are children of all ages who have such a ballad and such pictures as this in store for them? It is a comfort to think that woodcuts never wear out, and that the book still may be had at Mr. Tilt's for a shilling, for those who can command that sum of money.

In the 'Epping Hunt,' which we owe to the facetious pen of Mr. Hood, our artist has not been so successful. There is here too much horsemanship and not enough incident for him; but the portrait of Roundings the huntsman is an excellent sketch, and a couple of the designs contain great humour. The first represents the Cockney hero, who, "like a bird, was singing out while sitting on a tree."



THE CHEAPSIDE NIMROD.

From *The Epping Hunt*. By Thomas Hood.

And in the second the natural order is reversed. The stag having taken heart, is hunting the huntsman, and the Cheapside Nimrod is most ignominiously running away.

The Easter Hunt, we are told, is no more; and as the 'Quarterly Review' recommends the British public to purchase Mr. Catlin's pictures, as they form the only record of an interesting race now rapidly passing away, in like manner we should exhort all our

friends to purchase Mr. Cruikshank's designs of *another* interesting race, that is run already and for the last time.

Besides these, we must mention, in the line of our duty, the notable tragedies of 'Tom Thumb' and 'Bombastes Furioso,' both of which have appeared with many illustrations by Mr. Cruikshank. The "brave army" of Bombastes exhibits a terrific display of brutal force, which must shock the sensibilities of an English radical. And we can well understand the caution of the



"BEGONS, BRAVE ARMY, AND DON'T KICK UP A ROW."

general, who bids this *soldatesque effrénée* to begone, and not to kick up such a row.

Such a troop of lawless ruffians let loose upon a populous city would play sad havoc in it ; and we fancy the massacres of Birmingham renewed, or at least of Badajoz, which, though not quite so dreadful, if we may believe his Grace the Duke of Wellington, as the former scenes of slaughter, were nevertheless severe enough ; but we must not venture upon any ill-timed pleasantries in

presence of the disturbed King Arthur, and the awful ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

We are thus carried at once into the supernatural, and here we find Cruikshank reigning supreme. He has invented in his time a little comic pandemonium, peopled with the most droll, good-natured fiends possible. We have before us Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl,' with Cruikshank's designs translated into German, and gaining nothing by the change. The 'Kinder und



GILES'S GHOST.

Haus Maerchen' of Grimm are likewise ornamented with a frontispiece, copied from that one which appeared to the amusing version of the English work. The books on Phrenology and Time have been imitated by the same nation; and even in France, whither reputation travels slower than to any country except China, we have seen copies of the works of George Cruikshank.

He in return has complimented the French by illustrating a

couple of 'Lives of Napoleon,' and the 'Life in Paris' before mentioned. He has also made designs for Victor Hugo's 'Bug Jargal,' published here in a single volume, under the title of 'Hans of Iceland.' Strange, wild etchings were those, on a strange, mad subject; not so good in our notion as the designs for the German books, the peculiar humour of which latter seemed to suit the artist exactly. There is a mixture of the awful and ridiculous in these, which perpetually excites and keeps awake the reader's attention; the German writer and the English artist seem to have an entire faith in their subject. The reader, no doubt, remembers the awful passage in 'Peter Schlemihl' where the little gentleman purchases the shadow of that hero—

" 'Have the kindness, noble sir, to examine and try this bag.' He put his hand into his pocket, and drew thence a tolerably large bag of Cordovan leather, to which a couple of thongs were fixed. I took it from him, and immediately counted out ten gold pieces, and ten more, and ten more, and still other ten, whereupon I held out my hand to him. 'Done,' said I, 'it is a bargain; you shall have my shadow for your bag.' The bargain was concluded; he knelt down before me, and I saw him with a wonderful neatness take my shadow from head to foot, lightly lift it up from the grass, roll and fold it up neatly, and at last pocket it. He then rose up, bowed to me once more, and walked away again, disappearing behind the rose-bushes. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laughing a little. I, however, kept fast hold of the bag. Everything around me was bright in the sun, and as yet I gave no thought to what I had done."

This marvellous event, narrated by Peter with such a faithful, circumstantial detail, is painted by Cruikshank in the most wonderful poetic way, with that happy mixture of the real and supernatural that makes the narrative so curious and like truth. The sun is shining with the utmost brilliancy in a great quiet park or garden; there is a palace in the background, and a statue basking in the sun quite lonely and melancholy; there is a sun-dial, on which is a deep shadow, and in the front stands Peter Schlemihl, bag in hand, the old gentleman is down on his knees to him, and has just lifted off the ground the *shadow of one leg*; he is going to fold it back neatly, as one does the tails of a coat,

and will stow it, without any creases or crumples, along with the other black garments that lie in that immense pocket of his. Cruikshank has designed all this as if he had a very serious belief in the story; he laughs, to be sure, but one fancies that he is a little frightened in his heart, in spite of all his fun and joking.

The German tales we have mentioned before. *The Prince riding on the Fox, Hans in Luck, The Fiddler and his Goose, Heads off*, are all drawings which, albeit not before us now, nor seen for ten years, remain indelibly fixed on the memory—"heisst du etwa Rumpelstilzchen?" There sits the queen on her throne, surrounded by grinning beef-eaters, and little Rumpelstiltskin stamps his foot through the floor in the excess of his tremendous despair. In one of these German tales, if we remember rightly, there is an account of a little orphan who is carried away by a pitying fairy for a term of seven years, and passing that period of sweet apprenticeship among the imps and sprites of fairy-land. Has our artist been among the same company, and brought back their portraits in his sketch-book? He is the only designer fairy-land has had. Callot's imps, for all their strangeness, are only of the earth earthy. Fuseli's fairies belong to the infernal regions; they are monstrous, lurid, and hideously melancholy. Mr. Cruikshank alone has had a true insight into the character of the "little people." They are something like men and women, and yet not flesh and blood; they are laughing and mischievous, but why we know not. Mr. Cruikshank, however, has had some dream or the other, or else a natural mysterious instinct (as the Seherinn of Prevorst had for beholding ghosts), or else some preternatural fairy revelation, which has made him acquainted with the looks and ways of the fantastical subjects of Oberon and Titania.

There is, for instance, the case of 'The Gentleman in Black,' which has been illustrated by our artist. A young French gentleman, by name M. Desonge, who having expended his patrimony in a variety of taverns and gaming-houses, was one day

pondering upon the exhausted state of his finances; and utterly at a loss to think how he should provide means for future support, exclaimed, very naturally, "What the devil shall I do?" He had no sooner spoken, than a GENTLEMAN IN BLACK made his appearance, whose authentic portrait Mr. Cruikshank has had the honour to paint. This gentleman produced a black-edged book out of a black bag, some black-edged papers tied up with black crape, and sitting down familiarly opposite M. Desonge, began conversing with him on the state of his affairs.

It is needless to state what was the result of the interview. M. Desonge was induced by the gentleman to sign his name to one of the black-edged papers, and found himself at the close of the conversation to be possessed of an unlimited command of capital. This arrangement completed, the Gentleman in Black posted (in an extraordinarily rapid manner) from Paris to London, there found a young English merchant in exactly the same situation in which M. Desonge had been, and concluded a bargain with the Briton of exactly the same nature.

The book goes on to relate how these young men spent the money so miraculously handed over to them, and how both, when the period drew near that was to witness the performance of *their* part of the bargain, grew melancholy, wretched, nay, so absolutely dishonourable as to seek for every means of breaking through their agreement. The Englishman living in a country where the lawyers are more astute than any other lawyers in the world, took the advice of a Mr. Bagsby, of Lyon's Inn, whose name, as we cannot find it in the 'Law List,' we presume to be fictitious. Who could it be that was a match for the devil? Lord — very likely; we shall not give his name, but let every reader of this Review fill up the blank according to his own fancy, and on comparing it with the copy purchased by his neighbours, he will find that fifteen out of twenty have written down the same honoured name.

Well, the Gentleman in Black was anxious for the fulfilment

of his bond. The parties met at Mr. Bagsby's chambers to consult, the Black Gentleman foolishly thinking that he could act as his own counsel, and fearing no attorney alive. But mark the superiority of British Law, and see how the black pettifogger was defeated.

Mr. Bagsby simply stated that he would take the case into Chancery, and his antagonist, utterly humiliated and defeated, refused to move a step farther in the matter.

And now the French gentleman, M. Desonge, hearing of his friend's escape, became anxious to be free from his own rash engagements. He employed the same counsel who had been successful in the former instance, but the Gentleman in Black was a great deal wiser by this time, and whether M. Desonge escaped, or whether he is now in that extensive place which is paved with good intentions, we shall not say. Those who are anxious to know had better purchase the book of Mr. Daly, of Leicester Square, wherein all these interesting matters are duly set down. We have one more diabolical picture in our budget, engraved by Mr. Thompson, the same dexterous artist who has rendered the former *diableries* so well.

We may mention Mr. Thompson's name as among the first of the engravers to whom Cruikshank's designs have been entrusted; and next to him (if we may be allowed to make such arbitrary distinctions) we may place Mr. Williams; and the reader is not possibly aware of the immense difficulties to be overcome in the rendering of these little sketches, which, traced by the designer in a few hours, require weeks' labour from the engraver. Mr. Cruikshank has not been educated in the regular schools of drawing, very luckily for him, as we think, and consequently has had to make a manner for himself, which is quite unlike that of any other draughtsman. There is nothing in the least mechanical about it; to produce his particular effects he uses his own particular lines, which are queer, free, fantastical, and must be followed in all their infinite twists and vagaries by

the careful tool of the engraver. Look at these three lovely smiling heads, for instance. Let us examine them, not so much for the jovial humour and wonderful variety of feature exhibited in these darling countenances as for the engraver's part of the work. See the infinite delicate cross-lines and hatchings which he is obliged to render ; let him go, not a hair's breadth, but the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, beyond the given line, and the *feeling* of it is ruined. He receives these little dots and specks, and fantastical quirks of the pencil, and cuts away with a little



AN IRISH CHAPEL.

knife round each, nor too much nor too little. Antonio's pound of flesh did not puzzle the Jew so much ; and so well does the engraver succeed at last, that we never remember to have met with a single artist who did not vow that the wood-cutter had utterly ruined his design.

Of Messrs. Thompson and Williams we have spoken as the first engravers in point of rank ; however the regulations of professional precedence are certainly very difficult, and the rest of their brethren we shall not endeavour to class.

Here is an engraving by Mr. Landells, nearly as good in our opinion as the very best wood-cut that ever was made after Cruikshank, and curiously happy in rendering the artist's peculiar manner: this cut does not come from the facetious publications which we have consulted, and from which we have borrowed; but is a contribution by Mr. Cruikshank to an elaborate and splendid botanical work upon the Orchidaceæ of Mexico,



THE BLATTA BEETLES.

by Mr. Bateman. Mr. Bateman despatched some extremely choice roots of this valuable plant to a friend in England, who, on the arrival of the case, consigned it to his gardener to unpack. A great deal of anxiety with regard to the contents was manifested by all concerned, but on the lid of the box being removed, there issued from it three or four fine specimens of the enormous

Blatta beetle that had been preying upon the plants during the voyage ; against these the gardeners, the grooms, the porters, and the porter's children, issued forth in arms, and which the artist has immortalized, as we see.

We have spoken of the admirable way in which Mr. Cruikshank has depicted Irish character and Cockney character ; here is English country character quite as faithfully delineated in the person of the stout portress and her children, and of



THE SOMERSETSHIRE CHAWBACON.

yonder "Chawbacon" with the shovel, on whose face is written "Zummerzetsheer." Is it hypercriticism to say that the gardener on the ground is a Scotchman ? there is a well-known Scotch gentleman in London who must surely have stretched for the portrait. Chawbacon appears in another plate, or else Chawbacon's brother. He has come up to Lunnon, and is looking about him at "raaces."

How distinct are these rustics from those whom we have just been examining ! they hang about the purlieus of the metropolis :

Brook Green, Epsom, Greenwich, Ascot, Goodwood are their haunts. They visit London professionally once a year, and that is at the time of Bartholomew fair. How one may speculate upon the different degrees of rascality, as exhibited in each face of the thimblerrigging trio, and form little histories for these worthies, charming Newgate romances, such as have been of late the fashion! Is any man so blind that he cannot see the exact face that is writhing under the thimblerrigged hero's hat? Like Timanthes of old, our artist expresses great passions without the aid of the human countenance.



SPIRITS OF WINE.

Is there any need of having a face after this? "Come on," says Claret-bottle, a dashing, genteel fellow, with his hat on one ear—"come on, has any man a mind to tap me?" Claret-bottle is a little screwed (as one may see by his legs), but full of gaiety and courage; not so that stout, apoplectic Bottle-of-rum, who has staggered against the wall, and has his hand upon his liver: the fellow hurts himself with smoking, that is clear, and is as sick as can be. See, Port is making away from the storm, and Double X is as flat as ditch-water. Against these, awful in their white robes, the sober watchmen come.

Our artist then can cover up faces, and yet show them quite clearly, as in the thimblerig group ; or he can do without faces altogether, or he can, at a pinch, provide a countenance for a gentleman out of any given object,—as we see here a beautiful Irish physiognomy being moulded upon a keg of whisky ; or here [p. 68], where a jolly English countenance froths out of a pot of ale (the spirit of brave Toby Philpot come back to reanimate his clay). Not to recognize in this fungus [p. 114] the physiognomy of that mushroom peer, Lord ——, would argue oneself unknown.



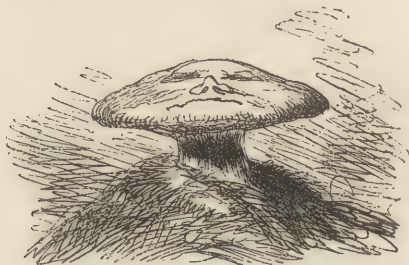
AN IRISH PORTRAIT.

Finally, if he is at a loss, he can make a living head, body, and legs out of steel or tortoise-shell, as in the case of this vivacious pair of spectacles that are jockeying the nose of Caddy Cuddle [p. 72].

Of late years Mr. Cruikshank has busied himself very much with steel engraving, and the consequences of that lucky invention have been, that his plates are now sold by thousands, where

they could only be produced by hundreds before. He has made many a bookseller's and author's fortune (we trust that in so doing he may not have neglected his own).

Twelve admirable plates, furnished yearly to that facetious little publication, the 'Comic Almanac,' have gained for it a sale, as we hear, of nearly twenty thousand copies. The idea of the work was novel; there was, in the first number especially, a great deal of comic power, and Cruikshank's designs were so admirable that the 'Almanac' at once became a vast favourite with the public, and has so remained ever since. Besides the twelve plates, this Almanac contains a prophetic wood-cut,



A MUSHROOM PEER.

accompanying an awful Blarneyhum Astrologicum that appears in this and other Almanacs. There is one that hints in pretty clear terms that with the Reform of Municipal Corporations the ruin of the great Lord Mayor of London is at hand. His lordship is meekly going to dine at an eightpenny ordinary,—his giants in pawn, his men in armour dwindled to "one poor knight," his carriage to be sold, his stalwart aldermen vanished, his sheriffs, alas! alas! in gaol! Another design shows that Rigdum, if a true, is also a moral and instructive prophet. Behold John Bull asleep, or rather in a vision; the cunning demon, Speculation, blowing a thousand bright bubbles about him.

Meanwhile the rooks are busy at his fob, a knave has cut a cruel hole in his pocket, a rattlesnake has coiled safe round his feet, and will in a trice swallow Bull, chair, money and all; the rats are at his corn-bags (as if, poor devil, he had corn to spare), his faithful dog is bolting his leg of mutton, nay, a thief has gotten hold of his very candle, and there, by way of moral, is his alepot, which looks and winks in his face, and seems to say, "O Bull,



BLARNEYHUM ASTROLOGICUM.

all this is froth," and a cruel satirical picture of a certain rustic who had a goose that laid certain golden eggs, which goose the rustic slew in expectation of finding all the eggs at once. This is goose and sage too, to borrow the pun of "learned Doctor Gill"; but we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Cruikshank is becoming a little conservative in his notions.

We love these pictures so that it is hard to part us, and we still fondly endeavour to hold on, but this wild word, farewell

must be spoken by the best friends at last, and so good-bye, brave wood-cuts ; we feel quite a sadness in coming to the last



HARD TO PART.

of our collection. A word or two more have we to say, but no more pretty pictures,—take your last look of the woodcuts then—for not one more will appear after this page—not one more



COMFORTABLY ASLEEP.

with which the pleased traveller may comfort his eye—a smiling oasis in a desert of text. What could we have done without these excellent merry pictures ?

Reader and reviewer would have been tired of listening long since, and would have been comfortably asleep.

In the earlier numbers of the 'Comic Almanac' all the manners and customs of Londoners that would afford food for fun were noted down ; and if during the last two years the mysterious personage who, under the title of "Rigdum Funnidos," compiles this ephemeris, has been compelled to resort to romantic tales, we must suppose that he did so because the great metropolis was exhausted, and it was necessary to discover new worlds in the cloud-land of fancy. The character of Mr. Stubbs, who made his appearance in the Almanac for 1839, had, we think, great merit, although his adventures were somewhat of too tragical a description to provoke pure laughter. The publishers have allowed us to give a reprint of that admirable design before mentioned, in which Master Stubbs is represented under the school pump, to which place of punishment his associates have brought him. In the following *naïve* way the worthy gentleman describes his own mishap :—

"This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied, I wanted *a pair of boots*. Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

"But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it ; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the housekeeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer ; but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

"There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in *our* town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London ; I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

"So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

"'You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop boots,' said the shoemaker.

"'I suppose, fellow,' says I, 'that is my business, and not yours ; either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully ;' and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

"They had the desired effect. 'Stay, sir,' says he, 'I have a nice littel pair of dop boots dat I tink will jost do for you,' and he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. 'Day were made,' said he, 'for de Honourable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small.'

"'Ah, indeed!' said I, 'Stiffney is a relation of mine: and what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things?'—He replied, 'Three pounds.'

"'Well,' said I, 'they are confoundedly dear, but, as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge, you see.' The man looked alarmed, and began a speech: 'Sare, I cannot let dem go vidout,'—but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted—'Sir! don't sir me—take off the boots, fellow, and, harkye, when you speak to a nobleman, don't say—Sir.'

"'A hundred tousand pardons, my lort,' says he: 'if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you—Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books?'

"'Name?—oh! why—LORD CORNWALLIS, to be sure,' said I, as I walked off in the boots.

"'And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes?' 'Keep them until I send for them,' said I; and, giving him a patronizing bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in a paper.

* * * * *

"This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

"Well, one fatal Monday morning, the blackest of all black Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between school-hours—I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us—a sudden trembling seized me—I knew it was Stiffelkind: what had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry—so I rushed into the school-room, and, burying my head between my hands, began reading for the dear life.

"'I vant Lort Cornvallis,' said the horrid bootmaker. 'His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honourable school, for I saw him vid de boys at church, yesterday.'

"'Lord who?'

"'Vy, Lort Cornvallis, to be sure—a very fat young nobleman, vid red hair, he squints a little, and swears dreadfully.'

"'There's no Lord Cornvallis here,' said one—and there was a pause.

"'Stop! I have it,' says that odious Bunting. '*It must be Stubbs;*' and 'Stubbs! Stubbs!' every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.



George Cruikshank

MARCH. — Showery.

"At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, run me into the playground—bolt up against the shoemaker.

"Dis is my man—I beg your lortship's pardon," says he, "I have brought your lortship's shoes, vich you left—see, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots."

"Shoes, fellow!" says I, "I never saw your face before;" for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. "Upon the honour of a gentleman," said I, turning round to the boys—they hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

"Stop!" says Bunting (hang him!), "Let's see the shoes—if they fit him, why, then the cobbler's right." They did fit me, and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

"Vat!" said Stiffelkind, "is he not a lort? so help me himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper;" and then gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse of me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in, in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

"It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir," said the boys, "battling with his shoemaker, about the price of a pair of top-boots."

"O, sir," said I, "it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis."

"In fun!—Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill." My beautiful boots were brought; and Stiffelkind produced his bill. "Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots—four guineas."

"You have been fool enough, sir," says the doctor, looking very stern, "to let this boy impose upon you as a lord; and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir, I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home: you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys."

"*Suppose we duck him before he goes,*" piped out a very small voice:—the doctor grinned significantly, and left the school-room; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me, and carried me to the playground pump—they pumped upon me until I was half dead, and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted."

We should be glad to devote a few pages to the 'Illustrations of Time,' the 'Scraps and Sketches,' and the 'Illustrations of Phrenology,' which are among the most famous of our artist's publications; but it is very difficult to find new terms of praise, as find them one must, when reviewing Mr. Cruikshank's public-

ations, and more difficult still (as the reader of this notice will no doubt have perceived for himself long since) to translate his designs into words, and go to the printer's box for a description of all that fun and humour which the artist can produce by a few skilful turns of his needle. A famous article upon the 'Illustrations of Time' appeared some dozen years since in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' the conductors of which have always been great admirers of our artist, as became men of humour and genius. To these grand qualities do not let it be supposed that we are laying claim, but, thank Heaven, Cruikshank's humour is so good and benevolent that any man must love it, and on this score we may speak as well as another.

Then there are the 'Greenwich Hospital' designs, which must not be passed over. 'Greenwich Hospital' is a hearty, good-natured book, in the Tom Dibdin school, treating of the virtues of British tars, in approved nautical language. They maul Frenchmen and Spaniards, they go out in brigs and take frigates, they relieve women in distress, and are yard-arm and yard-arming, athwart-hawsing, marlinspiking, binnaceling and helm's-a-leeing, as honest seamen invariably do, in novels, on the stage, and doubtless on board ship. This we cannot take upon us to say, but the artist, like a true Englishman, as he is, loves dearly these brave guardians of Old England, and chronicles their rare or fanciful exploits with the greatest good-will. Let any one look at the noble head of Nelson, in the 'Family Library,' and they will, we are sure, think with us that the designer must have felt and loved what he drew. There are to this abridgment of Southey's admirable book many more cuts after Cruikshank; and about a dozen pieces by the same hand will be found in a work equally popular, Lockhart's excellent 'Life of Napoleon.' Among these the retreat from Moscow is very fine; the Mamelouks most vigorous, furious, and barbarous, as they should be. At the end of these three volumes Mr. Cruikshank's contributions to the 'Family Library' seem suddenly to have ceased;

the work, which was then the property of Mr. Murray, has since that period passed into the hands of Mr. Tegg, whose shop seems to be the bourne to which most books travel—the fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave. Mr. Tegg, like Death, will never give up his prey. We implored of him a loan of the precious wood-blocks that are buried in his warehouses; but no, Tegg was inexorable, and such of Mr. Cruikshank's charming little children as have found their way to him, have not been permitted to take a holiday with many of their brethren whose guardians are not so severe.

Let us offer our thanks to Messrs. Whitehead, Tilt, Robins, Darton and Clark, Thomas, and Daly, proprietors of the Cruikshank cuts, who have lent us of their store. Only one man has imitated Mr. Tegg, and he, we are sorry to say, is no other than George Cruikshank himself, who, although besought by humble ambassadors, pestered by printers'-devils and penny-post letters, did resolutely refuse to have any share in the blowing of his own trumpet, and showed our messengers to the door.

Our stock of plates has also been increased by the kindness of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who have lent us some of the designs for the Boz sketches, not the worst among Mr. Dickens's books, as we think, and containing some of the best of Mr. Cruikshank's designs.

We are not at all disposed to undervalue the works and genius of Mr. Dickens, and we are sure that he would admit as readily as any man the wonderful assistance that he has derived from the artist, who has given us the portraits of his ideal personages, and made them familiar to all the world. Once seen, these figures remain impressed on the memory, which otherwise would have had no hold upon them, and the Jew and Bumble, and the heroes and heroines of the Boz sketches, become personal acquaintances with each of us. O that Hogarth could have illustrated Fielding in the same way! and fixed down on paper those grand figures of Parson Adams, and Squire Allworthy, and the great Jonathan Wild.

With regard to the modern romance of 'Jack Sheppard,' in which the latter personage makes a second appearance, it seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it. Let any reader of the novel think over it for awhile, now that it is some months since he has perused and laid it down—let him think, and tell us what he remembers of the tale? George Cruikshank's pictures—always George Cruikshank's pictures. The storm in the Thames, for instance; all the author's laboured description of that event has passed clean away—we have only before the mind's eye the fine plates of Cruikshank. The poor wretch cowering under the bridge arch, as the waves come rushing in, and the boats are whirling away in the drift of the great swollen black waters; and let any man look at that second plate of the murder on the Thames, and he must acknowledge how much more brilliant the artist's description is than the writer's, and what a real genius for the terrible as well as for the ridiculous the former has; how awful is the gloom of the old bridge, a few lights glimmering from the houses here and there, but not so as to be reflected on the water at all, which is too turbid and raging; a great heavy rack of clouds goes sweeping over the bridge, and men with flaring torches, the murderers, are borne away with the stream.

The author requires many pages to describe the fury of the storm, which Mr. Cruikshank has represented in one. First, he has to prepare you with the something inexpressibly melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames; "the ripple of the water," "the darkling current," "the indistinctively seen craft," "the solemn shadows," and other phenomena visible on rivers at night are detailed (with not unskilful rhetoric) in order to bring the reader into a proper frame of mind for the deeper gloom and horror which is to ensue. Then follow pages of description.

"As Rowland sprang to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a war like a volley of ordnance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage.

A moment before, the surface of the stream was as black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething like an enormous cauldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river, whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in rain-drops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. Destruction everywhere marked the course of the gale. Steeples toppled and towers reeled beneath its fury. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations and returned to them, scared by greater danger. The end of the world seemed at hand. . . . The hurricane had now reached its climax. The blast shrieked, as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din seemed almost to take away the power of hearing. He who had faced the gale *would have been instantly stifled,*" &c., &c.

See with what a tremendous war of words (and good loud words too; Mr. Ainsworth's description is a good and spirited one) the author is obliged to pour in upon the reader before he can effect his purpose upon the latter, and inspire him with a proper terror. The painter does it at a glance, and old Wood's dilemma in the midst of that tremendous storm, with the little infant at his bosom, is remembered afterwards, not from the words, but from the visible image of them that the artist has left us.

It would not, perhaps, be out of place to glance through the whole of the 'Jack Sheppard' plates, which are among the most finished and the most successful of Mr. Cruikshank's performances, and say a word or two concerning them. Let us begin with finding fault with No. 1, *Mr. Wood offers to adopt little Jack Sheppard*. A poor print, on a poor subject; the figure of the woman not as carefully designed as it might be, and the expression of the eyes (not an uncommon fault with our artist) much caricatured. The print is cut up, to use the artist's phrase, by the numbers of accessories which the engraver has thought proper, after the author's elaborate description, elaborately to reproduce. The plate of *Will discovering Darrell in the loft* is admirable—ghastly, terrible, and the treatment of it extraordinarily skilful, minute, and bold. The intricacies of the tile-work, and the mysterious twinkling of light among the beams,

are excellently felt and rendered, and one sees here, as in the two next plates of the storm and murder, what a fine eye the artist has, what a skilful hand, and what a sympathy for the wild and dreadful. As a mere imitation of nature, the clouds and the bridge in the murder picture may be examined by painters who make far higher pretensions than Mr. Cruikshank. In point of workmanship they are equally good, the manner quite unaffected, the effect produced without any violent contrast, the whole scene evidently well and philosophically arranged in the artist's brain, before he began to put it upon copper.

The famous drawing of *Jack carving his name on the beam*, which has been transferred to half the play-bills in town, is overloaded with accessories, as the first plate; but they are much better arranged than in the last-named engraving, and do not injure the effect of the principal figure. Remark, too, the conscientiousness of the artist, and that shrewd pervading idea of *form* which is one of his principal characteristics. Jack is surrounded by all sorts of implements of his profession; he stands on a regular carpenter's table, away in the shadow under it lie shavings and a couple of carpenter's hampers. The glue-pot, the mallet, the chisel-handle, the planes, the saws, the hone with its cover, and the other paraphernalia are all represented with extraordinary accuracy and forethought. The man's mind has retained the exact *drawing* of all these minute objects (unconsciously perhaps to himself), but we can see with what keen eyes he must go through the world, and what a fund of facts (as such a knowledge of the shape of objects is in his profession) this keen student of nature has stored away in his brain. In the next plate, where Jack is escaping from his mistress, the figure of that lady, one of the deepest of the *βαθυκόλποι*, strikes us as disagreeable and unrefined; that of Winifred is, on the contrary, very pretty and graceful; and Jack's puzzled, slinking look must not be forgotten. All the accessories are good, and the apartment has a snug, cosy air, which is not remarkable, except that it shows how faithfully

the designer has performed his work, and how curiously he has entered into all the particulars of the subject.

Master Thames Darrell, the handsome young man of the book, is, in Mr. Cruikshank's portraits of him, no favourite of ours. The lad seems to wish to make up for the natural insignificance of his face by frowning on all occasions most portentously. This figure, borrowed from the compositor's desk, will give a notion of what we mean. Wild's face is too violent for the great man of history (if we may call Fielding history), but this is in consonance with the ranting, frowning, braggadocio character that Mr. Ainsworth has given him.

The *Interior of Willesden Church* is excellent as a composition, and a piece of artistical workmanship; the groups well arranged, and the figure of Mrs. Sheppard looking round alarmed, as her son is robbing the dandy Kneebone, is charming, simple, and unaffected. Not so *Mrs. Sheppard ill in bed*, whose face is screwed up to an expression vastly too tragic. The little glimpse of the church seen through the open door of the room is very beautiful and poetical: it is in such small hints that an artist especially excels; they are the morals which he loves to append to his stories, and are always appropriate and welcome. The boozing ken is not to our liking; Mrs. Sheppard is there with her horrified eyebrows again. Why this exaggeration—is it necessary for the public? We think not, or if they require such excitement, let our artist, like a true painter as he is, teach them better things.

The *Escape from Willesden cage* is excellent; the *Burglary in Wood's house* has not less merit; *Mrs. Sheppard in Bedlam*, a ghastly picture indeed, is finely conceived, but not, as we fancy, so carefully executed; it would be better for a little more careful drawing in the female figure.

Jack sitting for his picture is a very pleasing group, and savours of the manner of Hogarth, who is introduced in the company. The *Murder of Trenchard* must be noticed too as

remarkable for the effect and terrible vigour which the artist has given to the scene. The *Willesden Churchyard* has great merit too, but the gems of the book are the little vignettes illustrating the escape from Newgate. Here, too, much anatomical care of drawing is not required; the figures are so small that the outline and attitude need only be indicated, and the designer has produced a series of figures quite remarkable for reality and poetry too. There are no less than ten of Jack's feats so described by Mr. Cruikshank. (Let us say a word here in praise of the excellent manner in which the author has carried us through the adventure.) Here is Jack clattering up the chimney, now peering into the lonely red room, now opening "the door between the red room and the chapel." What a wild, fierce, scared look he has, the young ruffian, as cautiously he steps in, holding light his bar of iron. You can see by his face how his heart is beating! If any one were there! but no! And this is a very fine characteristic of the prints, the extreme *loneliness* of them all. Not a soul is there to disturb him—woe to him who should!—and Jack drives in the chapel gate, and shatters down the passage door, and there you have him on the leads, up he goes, it is but a spring of a few feet from the blanket, and he is gone—*abiit, evasit, erupit*. Mr. Wild must catch him again if he can.

We must not forget to mention 'Oliver Twist,' and Mr. Cruikshank's famous designs to that work.* The sausage scene at Fagin's, Nancy seizing the boy; that capital piece of humour, Mr. Bumble's courtship, which is even better in Cruikshank's version than in Boz's exquisite account of the interview; Sykes's farewell to the dog; and the Jew—the dreadful Jew—that Cruikshank drew! What a fine touching picture of melancholy desolation is that of Sykes and the dog! The poor cur is not too well drawn, the landscape is stiff and formal; but in this case the faults, if faults they be, of execution rather add to than

* Or his newer work, 'The Tower of London,' which promises even to surpass Mr. Cruikshank's former productions.

diminish the effect of the picture : it has a strange, wild, dreary, broken-hearted look ; we fancy we see the landscape as it must have appeared to Sykes, when ghastly and with bloodshot eyes he looked at it. As for the Jew in the dungeon, let us say nothing of it—what can we say to describe it? What a fine homely poet is the man who can produce this little world of mirth or woe for us ! Does he elaborate his effects by slow process of thoughts, or do they come to him by instinct? Does the painter ever arrange in his brain an image so complete, that he afterwards can copy it exactly on the canvas, or does the hand work in spite of him?

A great deal of this random work of course every artist has done in his time, many men produce effects of which they never dreamed, and strike off excellencies, haphazard, which gain for them reputation ; but a fine quality in Mr. Cruikshank, the quality of his success, as we have said before, is the extraordinary earnestness and good faith with which he executes all he attempts—the ludicrous, the polite, the low, the terrible. In the second of these he often, in our fancy, fails, his figures lacking elegance and descending to caricature ; but there is something fine in this too ; it is good that he *should* fail, that he should have these honest *naïve* notions regarding the *beau monde*, the characteristics of which a namby-pamby tea-party painter could hit off far better than he. He is a great deal too downright and manly to appreciate the flimsy delicacies of small society—you cannot expect a lion to roar you like any sucking dove, or frisk about a drawing-room like a lady's little spaniel.

If then, in the course of his life and business, he has been occasionally obliged to imitate the ways of such small animals, he has done so, let us say it at once, clumsily, and like as a lion should. Many artists, we hear, hold his works rather cheap ; they prate about bad drawing, want of scientific knowledge ;—they would have something vastly more neat, regular, anatomical.

Not one of the whole band most likely but can paint an



SYKES ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY HIS DOG.

academy figure better than himself; nay, or a portrait of an alderman's lady and family of children. But look down the list of the painters and tell us who are they? How many among these men are *poets*, makers, possessing the faculty to create, the greatest among the gifts with which Providence has endowed the mind of man? Say how many there are, count up what they have done, and see what in the course of some nine and twenty years has been done by this indefatigable man.

What amazing energetic fecundity do we find in him! As a boy he began to fight for bread, has been hungry (twice a day we trust) ever since, and has been obliged to sell his wit for his bread week by week. And his wit, sterling gold as it is, will find no such purchasers as the fashionable painter's thin pinch-beck, who can live comfortably for six weeks when paid for and painting a portrait, and fancies his mind prodigiously occupied all the while. There was an artist in Paris, an artist hair-dresser, who used to be fatigued and take restoratives after inventing a new coiffure. By no such gentle operation of head-dressing has Cruikshank lived: time was (we are told so in print) when for a picture with thirty heads in it he was paid three guineas—a poor week's pittance truly, and a dire week's labour. We make no doubt that the same labour would at present bring him twenty times the sum; but whether it be ill-paid or well, what labour has Mr. Cruikshank's been! Week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new; some smiling offspring of painful labour, quite independent and distinct from its ten thousand jovial brethren; in what hours of sorrow and ill-health to be told by the world, "Make us laugh or you starve—Give us fresh fun; we have eaten up the old and are hungry." And all this has he been obliged to do—to wring laughter day by day, sometimes, perhaps, out of want, often certainly from ill-health or depression—to keep the fire of his brain perpetually alight, for the greedy public will give it no leisure to cool. This he has done and done well. He has told a thousand truths in

as many strange and fascinating ways ; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people ; he has never used his wit dishonestly ; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome humour, caused a single painful or guilty blush ; how little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him !

Here, as we are come round to the charge of ingratitude, the starting-post from which we set out, perhaps we had better conclude. The reader will perhaps wonder at the high-flown tone in which we speak of the services and merits of an individual, whom he considers a humble scraper on steel, that is wonderfully popular already. But none of us remember all the benefits we owe him ; they have come one by one, one driving out the memory of the other : it is only when we come to examine them altogether as the writer has done, who has a pile of books on the table before him—a heap of personal kindnesses from George Cruikshank (not presents, if you please, for we bought, borrowed, or stole every one of them), that we feel what we owe him. Look at one of Mr. Cruikshank's works, and we pronounce him an excellent humourist. Look at all, his reputation is increased by a kind of geometrical progression ; as a whole diamond is a hundred times more valuable than the hundred splinters into which it might be broken would be. A fine rough English diamond is this about which we have been writing.



CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.¹

- THE SCOURGE ; A Monthly Expositor of Imposture and Folly. Thirty-eight etchings. *J. Johnson*, 1811 to 1816.
- THE ANNALS OF GALLANTRY ; or, The Conjugal Monitor. Three volumes. Three coloured plates. *Jones*, 1814.
- THE METEOR, OR MONTHLY CENSOR. Seven monthly numbers, from November 1813 to May 1814, each containing a design.
- LIFE OF NAPOLEON. Thirty engravings. *Tegg*, 1814-15.
- THE PIGEONS. Dedicated to all the Flats. Six coloured etchings. *Stockdale*, 1817.
- FASHION. Dedicated to all the Town. Six humorous prints. *Stockdale*, 1817.
- THE ENGLISHMAN'S MENTOR. A picture of the Palais Royal. Coloured frontispiece, fifteen and a half inches long. *William Hone*, 1819.
- THE TON, ANECDOTES, CHIT-CHAT, HINTS AND ON DITS. Six coloured etchings. *Stockdale*, 1819.
- FACETIE AND MISCELLANIES. By William Hone. One hundred and twenty engravings. Published for *William Hone* by *Hunt and Clarke*, 1819 to 1822. Containing—
- THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. Thirteen cuts, 1819.
- THE MAN IN THE MOON, &c. Fifteen cuts, 1820.
- A POLITICAL CHRISTMAS CAROL. Set to music. Two woodcuts, 1820.
- THE DOCTOR. One leaf, with two woodcuts, 1820.
- THE QUEEN'S MATRIMONIAL LADDER. With fourteen step-scenes, and eighteen other cuts, 1820.
- "NON MI RICORDO !" &c. Three woodcuts, 1820.
- THE FORM OF PRAYER WITH THANKSGIVING. Woodcut on title-page, 1820.
- THE POLITICAL SHOWMAN — AT HOME ! Twenty-four cuts, 1821.
- THE BANK RESTRICTION NOTE. With Bank Restriction Barometer, 1821.
- A SLAP AT SLOP AND THE BRIDGE STREET GANG. Three large folding woodcuts and twenty-three smaller cuts, 1822.
- THE HUMOURIST. A collection of Entertaining Tales. Four volumes. Coloured etchings, 1819 to 1821.

¹ Pamphlets, &c., with one frontispiece are not included in this list.

LIFE IN LONDON ; or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian. By Pierce Egan. Thirty-six (coloured) scenes from real life, and numerous engravings on wood. *Sherwood*, 1820.

THE MAN IN THE MOON ; or, "The Devil to pay." Thirteen cuts. *Dean and Munday*, 1820.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET, ALIAS THE COUNTESS "JE NE ME RAPPELLE PAS," a Match for "Non Mi Ricordo." Six woodcuts. *Fairburn*, 1820.

THE ROYAL WANDERER BEGUILLED ABROAD AND RECLAIMED AT HOME. Satirical plate. *Wright*, 1820.

MEMOIRS OF QUEEN CAROLINE. By J. Nightingale. Two volumes. Two engravings on copper. *Robins*, 1820.

THE RADICALS UNMASKED AND OUTWITTED ; or, The Thistle uprooted in Cato Field. Frontispiece, 1820.

A FROWN FROM THE CROWN ; or, The Hydra destroyed. Large woodcut. *Fairburn*, 1820.

THE LOYALIST'S MAGAZINE. Containing the Principal Facts, Circumstances, Satyres, Jeux d'Esprits, Reviews, Biographical Contrasts and Political Retrospects published during the Rise, Reign, and Fall of the Caroline Contest. Ten copper plates and caricatures, coloured. *Turner*, 1820-21.

THE SPIRIT OF DESPOTISM. Woodcut on title. *Hone*, 1821.

THE PROGRESS OF A MIDSHIPMAN EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CAREER OF MASTER BLOOKEHEAD. Folio. Seven plates and a frontispiece. *Humphrey*, 1821.

KILTS AND PHILIBEGS !! The Northern Excursion of Geordie, Emperor of Gotham, and Sir Willie Curtis, the Court Buffoon. Two coloured frontispieces. *Fairburn*, 1822.

THE MIRACULOUS HOST TORTURED BY THE JEW UNDER THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE FAIR, IN 1290. Ten cuts. *Hone*, 1822.

LIFE IN PARIS ; comprising the Rambles, Sprees, and Amours of Dick Wildfire, of Corinthian celebrity, &c. By David Carey. Twenty-one coloured plates. Enriched also with twenty-two engravings on wood. *Fairburn*, 1822.

THE MAGIC SPELL : The History and Adventures of Prince Lucillo and Princess Rayonette. Eight woodcuts, 1822.

CHRISTMAS STORIES. Containing 'John Wildgoose the Poacher,' 'The Smuggler,' and 'Good Nature ; or, Parish Matters.' Three etchings. Oxford : *J. Parker*, 1823.

ANCIENT MYSTERIES DESCRIBED, especially the English Miracle Plays, &c. By William Hone. Two coloured etchings of the "Giants in Guildhall," and "The Fools' Morris Dance." *Hone*, 1823.

POINTS OF HUMOUR. Ten full-page etchings, and eight woodcuts. *Baldwyn*, 1823.

POINTS OF HUMOUR. Ten full-page etchings, and twelve small etchings. *Baldwyn*, 1824.

- LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By W. H. Ireland. Four volumes. Twenty-three folding coloured plates by G. C., and others. *Fairburn*, 1823 to 1828.
- PETER SCHLEMIHL. By Lamotte Fouqué. Eight full-page etchings. *Whittaker*, 1824.
- DER FREISCHÜTZ TRAVESTIE. By Septimus Globus. Twelve etchings. *Baldwyn*, 1824.
- TALES OF IRISH LIFE. Two volumes. Six illustrations. *Robins*, 1824.
- TALES OF HUMOUR, GALLANTRY, AND ROMANCE. Sixteen drawings. *Baldwyn*, 1824.
- THE COLLECTIVE WISDOM; or, Sights and Sketches in the Chapel of St. Stephen. With characters and cuts. *Knight and Lacey*, 1824.
- FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS OF LORD BYRON. Thirty-six of these illustrations were designed by G. C. *Robins and Co.*, 1824-5.
- THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS. Three volumes. Two cuts, 1825.
- GERMAN POPULAR STORIES. Collected by M. M. Grimm. Two volumes. 1824 to 1826. Vol. I., twelve etchings. *C. Baldwyn*, 1824. Vol. II., ten etchings. *James Robins*, 1826.
- MORNINGS AT BOW STREET. By J. Wight. Twenty-one woodcuts. *Baldwyn*, 1824.
- HANS OF ICELAND. Four etchings. *Robins*, 1825. '1
- SMILES FOR ALL SEASONS. Frontispiece. *Baldwin and Co.*, 1825.
- CATHOLIC MIRACLES. Seven designs. *Knight and Lacey*, 1825.
- THE UNIVERSAL SONGSTER, OR MUSEUM OF MIRTH. Three volumes. Three etched frontispieces, and twenty-four song illustrations, 1825-6.
- SPECIMENS OF GERMAN ROMANCE. Three volumes. Three etched frontispieces. *Whittaker*, 1826.
- PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATIONS; or, An Artist's View of the Craniological System of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. Woodcut on title, and six etched plates, containing thirty-two subjects. *Robins and Co.*, 1826.
- GREENWICH HOSPITAL; a series of Naval Sketches. By an Old Sailor. Twelve full-page coloured etchings, and humorous woodcut tail-pieces. *Robins and Co.*, 1826.
- THE EVERY-DAY BOOK, or Everlasting Calendar of Popular Amusements. By William Hone. Two volumes. Eleven woodcuts by G. C., 1826-7.
- ECCENTRIC TALES FROM THE GERMAN OF W. F. VON KOSEWITZ. Twenty full-page coloured illustrations, and one woodcut. *Robins and Co.*, 1827.
- MORE MORNINGS AT BOW STREET. By John Wight. Twenty-four woodcuts. *Robins*, 1827.
- THE SHILLING COMIC ANNUAL. A Collection of Short Good Things, &c. Frontispiece, 1827.
- EVERY NIGHT BOOK; or, Life after Dark. Woodcut on title-page. *Richardson*, 1827.

- ILLUSTRATIONS OF TIME. Seven oblong folio plates. Published by the Artist, 1827.
- BIBLIOTHECA SUSSEXIANA. A Descriptive Catalogue by Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, Librarian to the Duke of Sussex. Two volumes. Seven etchings and four woodcuts. *Longman and Co.*, 1827.
- LONDON CHARACTERS. Twenty-four coloured plates; fifteen by George, and nine by Robert Cruikshank. *Robins*, 1827.
- A FIRES DE BOOK; or, the Account of a Christmas spent at Old Court. Frontispiece. *Smith, Elder and Co.*, 1827.
- PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT MADE SCIENCE IN EARNEST. Three volumes. Twenty-two woodcuts. *Longmans*, 1827.
- THE TABLE BOOK. By William Hone. Two volumes. One woodcut, 1827-8.
- CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ OF THE SELECT COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS OF AN AMATEUR (Mr. Thomas Wilson). 4to. Five etchings, 1828.
- PUNCH AND JUDY. Twenty-four etchings and four woodcut vignettes. *Prowett*, Pall Mall, 1828.
- THE DIVERLING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN. Six illustrations. Engraved on wood. *Tilt*, 1828.
- ORIGINAL JESTS. By John Harcourt. An unpublished Collection of Bon Mots, Jeux d'Esprit, &c. Frontispiece. *Fairburn*, 1828.
- TIM BOBBIN'S LANCASHIRE DIALECT AND POEMS. Four full-page etchings by George and two by Robert Cruikshank. *Hurst, Chance and Co.*, 1828.
- SCRAPS AND SKETCHES. In four parts. Published by the Artist, 22, Myddleton-terrace, Pentonville, and *Robins and Co.*, 1828 to 1832.
- THE EPPING HUNT. By Thomas Hood. Six engravings on wood. *Tilt*, 1829.
- TALFS OF OTHER DAYS. By J. Y. A. Six full-page woodcuts. *Effingham Wilson*, 1830.
- THE NEW BATH GUIDE. By Christopher Anstey. Frontispiece and vignette. and five full-page etchings. *Hurst, Chance and Co.*, 1830.
- TOM THUMB: A Burletta, altered from Henry Fielding. By Kane O'Hara. Five full-page woodcuts, vignette on title and tailpiece. *Thomas Rodd*, 1830.
- BOMBASTES FURIOSO: A Burlesque Tragic Opera. By William Barnes Rhodes. Seven full-page woodcuts. *Thomas Rodd*, 1830.
- THE "GREATEST HAPPINESS." Woodcut on title. *Heward*, 1830.
- ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR WORKS. Part I. only. Six etchings. *Longman*, 1830.
- SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT. Twelve plates. November 1830.
- THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT. By William Clarke. Fifty-one woodcuts. *Vizetelly*, 1830.
- THE CREAM OF THE JEST, A FUND OF WIT AND HUMOUR. Humorous coloured plate in four divisions. Derby: *Mozley*, 1830.

- THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK. Five full-page woodcuts and tailpiece. *William Kidd*, 1831.
- ODDS AND ENDS. In Verse and Prose. By William Henry Merle. Two designs by G. C. *Longmans*, 1831.
- THE CAT'S TAIL. A tale (in verse) by the Baroness de Katzeleben. Three full-page etchings. Edinburgh: *Blackwood*, 1831.
- THE LIFE AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. Thirty-seven woodcuts. *John Major*, 1831.
- HOGARTH MORALIZED. By the Rev. Dr. Trusler. Four groups. *John Major*, 1831.
- FERDINAND FRANK; Autobiography of a Musical Student. Woodcuts. *Ackermann*, 1831.
- THE NOVELIST'S LIBRARY. Edited by Thomas Roscoe. London: *Cochrane and Co.*, 1831-2 :—
- THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHREY CLINKER. By Tobias Smollett, M.D. Portrait of the author, and four full-page etchings. 1831.
- THE ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM. By Smollett. Five full-page etchings. 1831.
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- THE BEE AND THE WASP. A Fable in Verse. With designs and etchings. *Tilt*, 1832.
- SUNDAY IN LONDON. Fourteen cuts. *Effingham Wilson*, 1833.
- LUCIEN GREVILLE. By a Cornet in the East India Company's Service. With six etchings. Three volumes. *Saunders and Otley*, 1833.

- REJECTED ADDRESSES : or, The New Theatrum Poetarum. By James and Horace Smith. Six woodcuts. *John Murray*, 1833.
- MY SKETCH BOOK. Nine parts, containing thirty-seven plates. *Tilt*, 1833 to 1836.
- MINOR MORALS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By John Bowring. One full-page etching. *Whittaker*, 1834.
- MINOR MORALS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Part II. By John Bowring. Five full-page etchings. *Whittaker*, 1835.
- MINOR MORALS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Part III. By John Bowring. Six full-page etchings. Edinburgh : *William Tait*, 1839.
- THE STADIUM ; or, British National Arena for Manly and Defensive Exercises. By Baron Berenger. Archery Scenes. 1834.
- MIRTH AND MORALITY : A collection of Original Tales. By Carlton Bruce. Twenty beautiful cuts. *Tegg*, 1834.
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- JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR. By Daniel de Foe. Four illustrations. *Nutt*, Royal Exchange, 1835.
- CRUIKSHANKIANA : An Assemblage of the most celebrated Works of George Cruikshank. Sixty-six plates by George, and six by Robert. *McLean*, 1835.
- JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE. By John Auldjo, F.G.S. *Longmans*, 1835.
- THE COMIC ALMANACK. An Ephemeris, in Jest and Earnest. With a dozen "righte merrie" cuts. *Tilt*, Fleet Street, 1835 to 1841.
- THE COMIC ALMANACK. Adorned with numerous humorous illustrations, and a dozen of "righte merrie" cuts. *Tilt and Bogue*, 1842 to 1845.
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- SKETCHES BY "BOZ." Illustrative of Every-Day Life, and Every-Day People. By Charles Dickens. Two volumes. Sixteen full-page etchings. *John Macrone*, 1836.

- SKETCHES BY "Boz." Illustrative of Every-Day Life, and Every-Day People. By Charles Dickens. Second Series. Twelve full-page etchings. *Macrone*, 1837.
- THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Forty-eight volumes. Thirty-five etchings. *Fisher and Co.*, 1836 to 1839.
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- EDWARD LASCELLES. Four illustrations. Two volumes. Dublin: *Curry*, 1837.
- BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. The first fourteen volumes were illustrated by Cruikshank, with etchings on steel. A hundred and twenty-six of his plates: 24 to 'Oliver Twist,' 27 to 'Jack Sheppard,' 22 to 'Guy Fawkes,' 8 to the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' 7 to 'Nights at Sea,' 3 to 'Stanley Thorn,' and 35 to miscellaneous articles. *Bentley*, 1837 to 1843.
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- THE TOWER OF LONDON. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Forty large etchings and fifty-eight woodcuts. *Bentley*, 1840.
- THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS; or, Mirth and Marvels. By T. Ingoldsby. (Second Series, 1842. Third Series, 1847.) Many illustrations. *Bentley*, 1840.
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- MODERN CHIVALRY; or, A New Orlando Furioso. Two volumes. Four full-page etchings, and woodcut vignette. *Mortimer*, 1843.
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- THE BACHELOR'S OWN BOOK; or, The Adventures of Mr. Lambkin (Gent.). Twenty-four plates, 1844.
- MEMOIRS OF ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON, COMEDIAN. By George Raymond. Three full-page etchings. *Mortimer*, 1844.
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- HISTORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION IN 1798. By W. H. Maxwell. Twenty spirited etchings, and a woodcut design. *Baily Brothers*, 1845.
- THE OLD SAILOR'S JOLLY BOAT, LADEN WITH TALES AND YARNS TO PLEASE ALL HANDS; pulled by Wit, Fun, Humour, and Pathos, and steered by Matthew Henry Barker. Seven of the twenty-four etchings are entirely or partly by George, and the rest by Robert Cruikshank. *Willoughby*, 1845.
- PRISONS AND PRISONERS. By Joseph Adshead. Frontispiece. *Longmans*, 1845.
- SKETCHES FROM LIFE. By Laman Blanchard. Three volumes. Two woodcuts. *Colburn*, 1848.
- THE SNOW STORM. A Christmas Story. By Mrs. Gore. Four full-page etchings. *Fisher*, 1846.

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- THE GOOD GENIUS THAT TURNED EVERYTHING INTO GOLD. A Christmas Fairy Tale. By the Brothers Mayhew. *Bogue*, 1847.
- THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE. Twelve full-page etchings. *Bogue*, 1847.
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- THE BOTTLE. Eight plates. *Bogue*, 1847.
- THE DRUNKARD'S CHILDREN. A Sequel to "The Bottle." Eight plates. *Bogue*, 1848.
- THE PENTAMERONE. By Giambattista Basile. Translated by John Edward Taylor. Four etchings. *Bogue*, 1848.
- THE INUNDATION. By Mrs. Gore. Four full-page etchings. *Fisher*, 1848.
- THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS. By the Brothers Mayhew. Four full-page etchings. *Darton*, 1849.
- KIT BAM'S ADVENTURES. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Four etchings and a woodcut. *Grant and Griffith*, 1849.
- CLEMENT LORIMER. By Angus B. Reach. Twelve full-page illustrations. 1849.
- FRANK FAIRLEIGH; or, Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil. Thirty illustrations on steel. *Hall, Virtue and Co.*, 1850.
- FAIRY MYTHOLOGY. By Thomas Keightley. Etched frontispiece. *Bohn*, 1850.
- THE ADVENTURES OF MR. AND MRS. SANDBOYS AND FAMILY. By Henry Mayhew and George Cruikshank. Ten etchings, and engraved woodcut title. *Bogue*, 1851.
- STOP THIEF! or, Hints to Housekeepers. By George Cruikshank. Fourteen woodcuts. *Bradbury and Evans*, 1851.
- THE BETTING BOOK. By George Cruikshank. With cuts. *Cash*, 1852.
- THE TRUE LEGEND OF ST. DUNSTAN AND THE DEVIL. By Edward G. Flight. Seven illustrations. *Bogue*, 1852.
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- THE GLASS AND THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE. By George Cruikshank. Twelve woodcuts. *Cassell*, 1853.
- UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Twenty-seven illustrations on wood. *Cassell*, 1853.
- GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S FAIRY LIBRARY.—'Hop O' my Thumb,' and the 'Seven-League Boots.' Six etchings. *Bogue*, 1853.
- THE HISTORY OF JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK. Six etchings. *Bogue*, 1853.
- CINDERELLA, or, The Glass Slipper. Ten etchings. *Bogue*, 1853.
- PUSS IN BOOTS. Six full-page etchings. *Bogue*, 1854.

- GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S MAGAZINE. Edited by Frank E. Smedley. *Only two parts issued. Bogue, 1854.*
- LADY ARABELLA; or, the Adventure of a Doll. By Miss Pardoe. Four full-page illustrations. *Kirby, 1856.*
- LONDON LYRICS. By Frederick Locker. With one etching. *Chapman and Hall, 1857.*
- THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF. By Robert B. Brough. Issued in ten monthly parts. Twenty full-page etchings. *Longmans, 1857-8.*
- STENELAUS AND AMYLD: A Christmas Legend. Three woodcuts. *Griffith and Farran, 1858.*
- LORIMER LITTLEGOOD, ESQ., a Young Gentleman who wished to see Society. By Alfred W. Cole. Twelve full-page etchings. *James Blackwood, 1858.*
- MIDNIGHT SCENES AND SOCIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. Sketches of Life in the Streets. Frontispiece. Glasgow: *Murray, 1858.*
- THE BIGLOW PAPERS. By James Russell Lowell. With frontispiece. *Hotten, 1859.*
- OLD FACES IN NEW MASKS. By Robert Blakey. Etched frontispiece and title-page. *Kent and Co., 1859.*
- A POP-GUN FIRED OFF BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK IN DEFENCE OF THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS OF 1803. Eight woodcuts and two portraits. *Kent and Co., 1860.*
- OUT AND ABOUT: A Boy's Adventures. By Hain Friswell. Six woodcuts. *Groombridge and Sons, 1860.*
- HOLIDAYS WITH HOBGOBLINS, and Talk of Strange Things. By Dudley Costello. With illustrations. *Hotten, 1861.*
- PUCK ON PEGASUS. By H. Cholmondeley Pennell. With frontispiece. *Hotten, 1861.*
- THE OYSTER. Frontispiece, and woodcut vignette on title-page. *Trübner and Co., 1861.*
- A DISCOVERY CONCERNING GHOSTS. Nine engravings. *Arnold, 1863.*
- HOW SAM ADAMS' PIPE BECAME A PIG. By J. W. Kirton. Six woodcuts. *Partridge, 1864.*
- POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND. Collected and edited by Robert Hunt. First and second series, with frontispiece to each. *Hotten, 1865.*
- THE TRAVELS AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN. Five woodcuts, and twenty-two full-page curious engravings. *Tegg, 1867.*
- THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS. Edited by Andrew Halliday. With etchings *Tinsley Brothers, 1867-8.*
- THE GIN PALACE. Twelve woodcuts. *Partridge and Co., 1869.*
- BUY YOUR OWN GOOSE. Woodcut on title-page. *Partridge and Co., 1869.*
- THE OAK. A Magazine. Edited by the Rev. Charles Rogers. With frontispiece. *Griffin and Co., 1869.*

THE BROWNIES, and other Tales. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Four illustrations. *Bell and Daldy*, 1870.

REMARKS ON EDUCATION. By George Cruikshank. Three woodcuts, 1870.

THE ARTIST AND THE AUTHOR. A Statement of Facts. By the Artist, George Cruikshank. *Bell and Daldy*, 1872.

LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Three illustrations. *Bell and Sons*, 1874.

PEEPS AT LIFE AND STUDIES IN MY CELL. By the London Hermit. Two illustrations, signed "George Cruikshank, age 83, 1875." *Simpkin*, 1875.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY. A Fairy Tale. By Mrs. Octavian Blewitt. A frontispiece. *This frontispiece was designed and etched in 1875, in the artist's eighty-third year, and was probably the last book-illustration executed by him.* Chatto and Windus, 1877.

An exhaustive and well-annotated List of the Principal Works illustrated by this artist, appears at the end of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's 'Life of George Cruikshank.'

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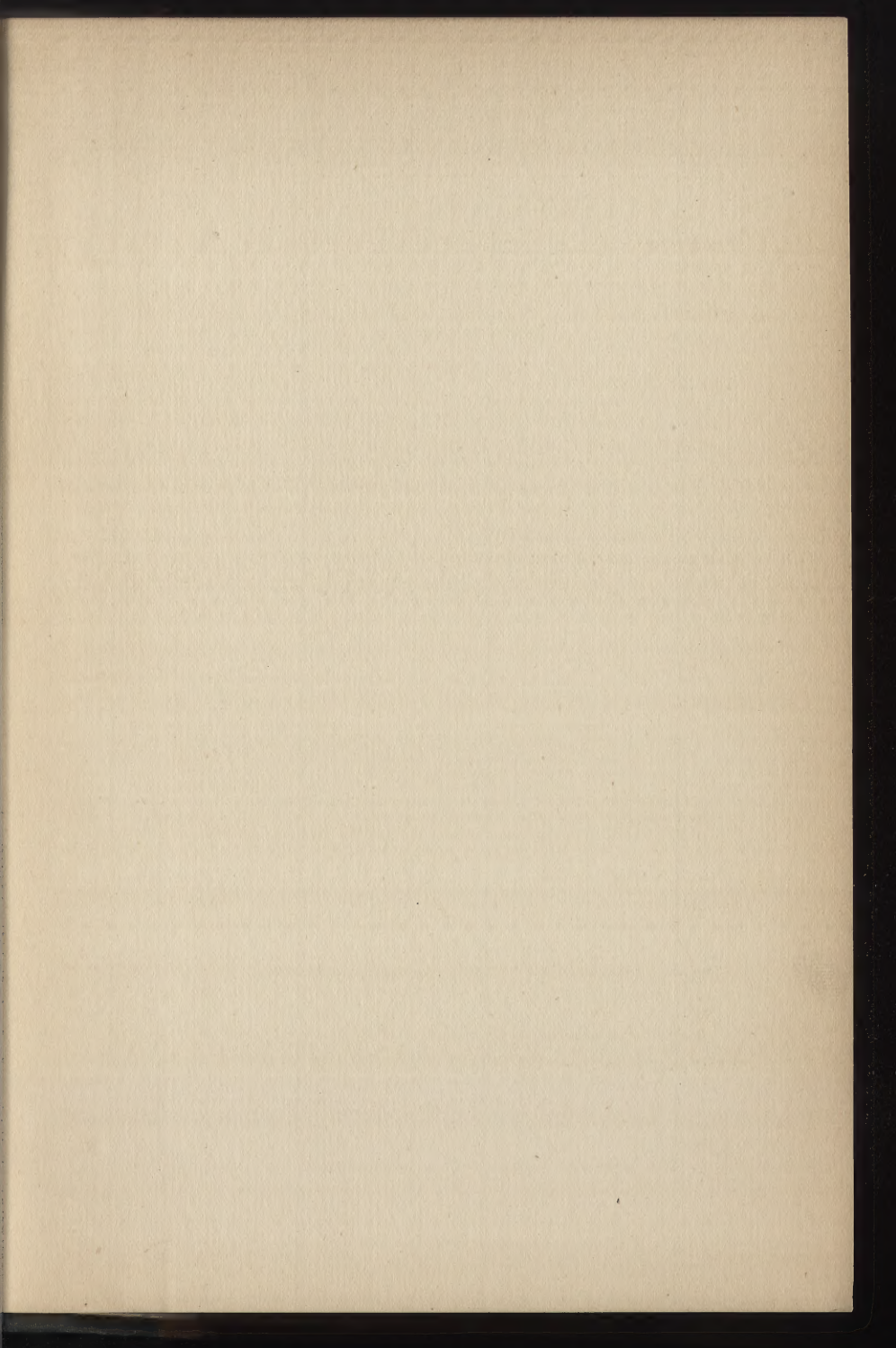
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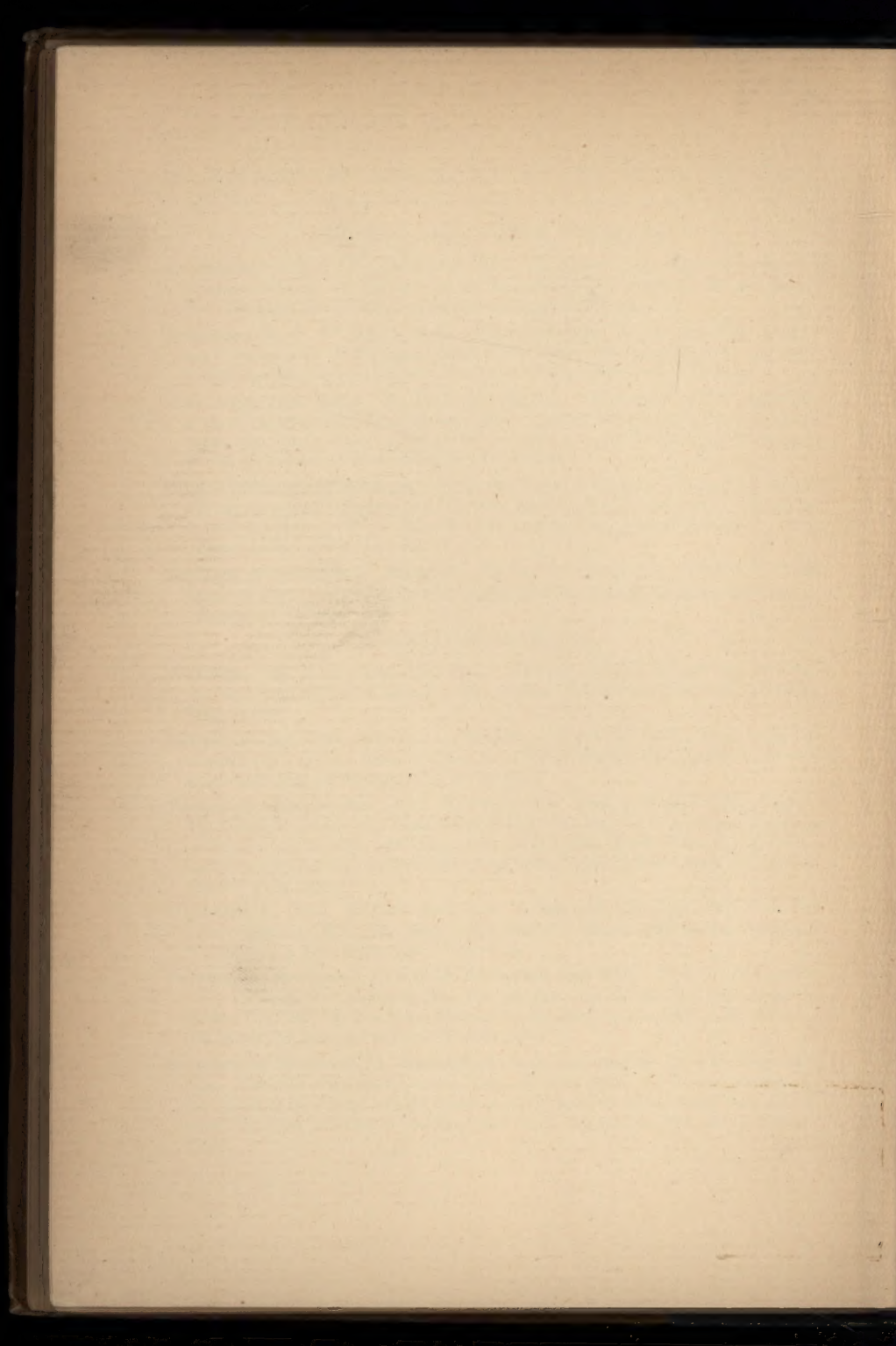
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